TRICKS OF YOUTH,

OR,

THE WALKS OF ISLINGTON AND HOGSDON,

WITH

The Humours of *Woodstreet*-Compter.

A Comedy,

As it was pulickly Acted nineteen dayes together with Extraordinary Applause.

Never Printed before.

Written by *Tho. Jordan*, Gent.

Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua, Mart. Epig.

London, Printed by Authority for the use of the Author.
1 6 6 3

Sir.

To the Succour and Security of all Civil Wit and Learning: The juſtly honored,

WILL. WIMBERLEY.

Esquire &c.

SIR.

THE time is come again, in which we may
Uſe Tricks of Youth, and ſafely ſee a Play;
Hear Tavern-Muſick, and ſuch harmleſs things
As neither wrongs Gods Precept, nor the Kings:
For all thoſe Recreations are ſet free
In ſixty one, were damn'd in forty three,
By thoſe Trienial Trayters, who agreed
To make the Publick Faith weigh down the Creed.
When Ten Commandements they did deface
And put a League and Cov'nant in the place.
When in contempt of Spiritual Affairs,
In one day they cry'd down Prelates and Players.
But now the times are well return'd that we
Under the Sacred Beams of Soveraignty,
May in our Comick Nombers ſit and ſing
Peace to the People, Honeur to the King:
Which aptly doth adminiſter Occaſion
For me to repreſent this Dedication,
To your good hands, whoſe Patronage is fit
To Crown the Play, and add long life to Wit.
For let Mens Wit be nere ſo well expreſt,
'Tis witty acceptation makes the Jeſt.
This Play conſiſts of Humour, Tricks of Youth,
Done by known Perſons, Fancy mixt with Truth.
Which is ambitious of no higher Fame
Or preſervation, but your Noble Name,
That, ſingly can ſufficiently preſer
This Poem, and

Your humble Honorer,

THO. JORDAN.

A Prologue to the KING.

SUre ſuch a Glory, ſo Serene, ſo Bright,
Started from Chaos *when God cal'd for Light;*
For like that glittering Birth of Beams, you do
Tranſluminate this Weſtern *world, from you*
Our Saint, our Soul, our Soveraign, our King,
We live and grow, as the Sun broods the Spring.
Then (as in Loyalty oblig'd) 'tis fit
We render part of our ſmall Stock, our Wit,
Which hath ſo long been cramp't under their rage,
Who durſt not ſee their actions on the Stage;
That numb'd with a ſtupidity, we fear
We ſhall aſſault the ſoftneſſe of your ear.
We have been ſo perplext with Gun and Drum,
Look to your Hats and Clokes, the Red-coats come.
D'amboys *is routed,* Hotſpur *quits the field,*
Falſtaff's *out-ſilch'd, all in Confuſion yield,*
Even Auditor and Actor, what before
Did make the Red Bull *laugh, now makes him roar.*
We curſe the Miſery in which our Trade is,
And are impriſon'd, but our large fiz'd Ladies
(*Thinking to 'ſcape them*) *are torn by the throats*
And like Wine Porters put in Petty-coats)
Dragg'd to the Muſe *for Plotters; But* Your Preſence
Hath nullified their power, and given us Eſſence.
Till YOU *came hither all was ſo forlorn,*
We wiſht we had been buried, or unborn;
All things were Retrograde, *the Night and Day*
Were ſhrinking to Prima Materia.
We liv'd in ſuch a ſtrange diſtorted Age,
Men durſt not ſee their Figures on the Stage;
But furious as the deform'd Lady was,
Who for revenge broke her own Looking-glaſſe,
They crackt our Mirror, *and now none but* YOU
Dread Majeſty, *can mend, or make us new.*

T. J.

To his much deserving Friend Mr.

Thomas Jordan, on his excellent Comedy, entituled, *The Walks of Islington and Hogsdon, With the Humours of* Woodstreet-Compter.

HOw have I task'd my self that now must clear
A debt that's due almost this twenty year?
And, by your large improvements since, do finde
You much before, and my self cast behinde,
In such a weak condition, who can
Expect full payment from a Bankerupt man?
Yet know no empty shaddows had the Art,
To catch my prayses, but your known desart;
Though love obligeth love, the nobler tye
Of worth by knowledge is more fast and high;
With Poetry you have Musick; and as soon
As you have made the Song, you set the Tune;
Where both in measure so exactly dance,
Numbers court Numbers, Ayrs do Words advance;
Had I but room, I could declare how clean
Your Fancy wrought, which did adorn your Scene
In several Plots, and Plays, this here expresse,
Will speak the noble Linage of the rest.
These Walks *'twixt* Islington *and* Hogsdon *will,*
(Like those 'twixt Tempe *and* Parnassus *Hill)*
Show how the Muses in their sportfull rage,
Set all the Town a Walking to your Stage,
With so much Wit, and Art, and Judgement lay'd,
That nineteen days together they were play'd.
Now by the bounty of the Press we be
Possess'd of that which we before did see,
Not pleasing onely nineteen times read o're,
But nineteen Ages, or till Time's no more.

R. C. in Art. Magist.

The Prologue.

THe Author (as late cuſtome hath thought fit)
Makes me the *Prologue* to his wandring Wit;
The Gate into his *Walks*, through which you may
Behold a petty proſpect of the Play;
A Play of Walks, or you may pleaſe to rank it,
With that which Ladies love, *A running Banquet:*
And, though the Scœne be *Iſlington*, we ſwear,
We will not blow ye up with Bottle-Bear;
Cram ye with Cream and Fools, which ſweetly pleaſe
Ladies of Fortune and young Prentices,
Who (when the Supervisors come to find 'um)
Quake like the Cuſtard which they leave behind 'um.
Yet to exalt your ſpleen, he hath invented,
Perſons that you'l all know when they'r preſented;
Nay they ſhall know themſelvs, and that is more,
It may be then you ever knew before.
We'l ſhew you things not taken out of Hiſt'ries,
A loyal Lover, and a grateful Miſtriſs,
A futile Frenchman (acted to the life)
A jealous husband and a jocund wife,
That kiſſeth, danceth, tipples like a Tench,
A Chamber-Gallant and a Kitchin-wench;
A jovial Cobler (or a Quibler rather)
A Catchpole that arreſted his own father;
A crew of Ranters to the Gaole committed,
A dead man rais'd, a Uſurer out-witted,
A Priſon-Pimp diſcover'd and detected,
The *Compter* character'd, the *Hole* diſſected.
Here my Commiſſion ends, leſt I betray
The Plot, and ſhew the Clock work of the Play:
Your liking will (like to the Suns bright rays)
Lighten the Gaole, and plant theſe *Walks* with Bays,
Where you will finde ſome Flowers as well as ſtalks,
Then lend's your hands, we'l lead you to the *Walks*,

The

The Walks of *Iſlington* and *Hogsdon*, &c.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

Enter as at the Sarazens-head in Iſlington Jack Wildblood, Frank Rivers, and Stephen Flylove; to them Tavern-Boyes.

Wildblood. BOy, Drawer.

Rivers. Drawer, Sirrah.

Within. By and by, anon, anon Sir.

Wildbl. Why thou *Parte-per-villain*, Drawer and Tapſter,
Are you ſo taken up with your Holy-day Ghests,
A Gentleman can have no attendance? *Enter Drawer.*

Drawer. Attendance? Yes Sir, What Wine will it pleaſe you to drink?

Rivers. That is, which of three ſorts will ye drink, Sack, White, or Claret.

Draw. Nay (with your favour Sir) we have more variety then thoſe.

Flylove. Well then Sir, without farther diſputation, bring White Wine, and let it be right.

Drawer. I ſhall Sir. *Exit Drawer.*

Wild. Well *Frank*, and how doth thy little Miſtris?

Rivers. What little Miſtris?

Wild. Why ſhe that is the rareſt, the faireſt that ever was Maid, *Jack Trimwel* the Chyrurgeons wife.

Rivers. Mum, not a word, our plots are almoſt diſcovered, I have kept ſome villains company that have betray'd me to the jealous Coxcomb (her husband) ſhe'l be here preſently.

Wild.

Wild. Who haſt ſent?

Rivers. My old Mercury, *Alexander Pimpwel.*

Fly. Look, you can no ſooner talk of *Pimpwel*,
But the Drawer comes; ſirrah, have you any *Ent. Drawer*
Whores in the houſe? *with Wine.*

Drawer. I cannot tell Sir, I'le ask the Fidlers.

Fly. Hark you ſirrah, have you any females in the houſe?

Draw. Yes Sir, there's half a ſcore in ſeveral rooms.

Fly. Why you rogue, do you doubt whether there be
Any whores in the houſe then?

Rivers. Why thou rebel to Chaſtity, doſt thou conceive the ſtock of Females vertue is ſo extreamly waſted, that in ſo ſmall a number as they are, the moſt part muſt be vitious?

Fly. I, I vow if there were but two there, though my Mother were one.

Wild. And thy Aunt tother.

Fly. I mean ſo, the other ſhould be one of my Aunts.

Enter Alexander Pimpwel and Mrs. Trimwel.

Rivers. Little *Betty*, your humble ſervant. *Riv. ſalutes her.*

Mrs. Trim. But hark you *Frank*, what Gentlemen are theſe?

Riv. Friends of mine, moſt dear and intimate, ſalute them.

Mrs. Trim. Oh, ý'are a pretty Gentleman to ſend for me into company.

Wild. Lady your humble ſervant. *He kiſſeth.*

Flyl. Turn to me hony, and give me a kiſs.

Mrs. Trim. Turn to you Sir, which part? my face is towards you already.

Fly. By the Cherry-lip of *Venus*, you are wondrous witty, Lady.

Mrs. Trim. I am glad Sir you ſo apprehend it.

Fly. 'Tis not my apprehenſion can mend it.

Rivers. Is ſhe not wondrous fair?

Fly. I dare not tell you,
For ſhould I grow ſo paſſionate in praiſe
As her worth merits, I might juſtly fear
Your fondneſs of her would ſuſpect my friendſhip;
For in this age Experience makes it common,
He needs muſt love that doth but praiſe a woman.

Rivers.

Rivers. You wrong my friendship to suppose I doubt you.
It were an injury to her and you;
The base suspect from neither is exempted,
To think that you should tempt, or she be tempted.
Wild. You are full of Noble confidence, I think she
Loves you well.
Rivers. Or she doth well dissemble,
But here's the wo, what bondage is he in,
That lives in love, when all his love is sin?
Mrs. Trim. Gentlemen, doth my coming cause this
division among you?
Such seperation in so few a number hath been unusuall.
Wild. Your coming Lady rather makes an unitie,
Frank Rivers I'le begin a round to thy Mistris.
Rivers. Let it come,
Fly. I vow I'le pledg't a brimmer:

My Mistris hath a Rose Cheek *Sings.*
her eye-brows they are Jetty,
Then drink off a brimmer
to he that doth ——
For tis a Health to Betty.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Flylove* is your name I pray Sir.
Fly. Yes, so they say Sir.
Draw. There's a woman without would speak with you.
Fly. Prethee what manner of piece is it?
Draw. A good homely creature Sir, some servant I believe,
A Maid-servant I dare swear she is not,
For her nose and belly do almost meet.
Fly. A strange creature, either she hath a very long nose, or a terrible great belly, and now I talk of a great belly, I pray Heaven it be not the Kitchin-wench I was dabling withall once, when drink and a foolish humor possest me (I heard she was with Child) if it be, I am undone for ever, stay I'le go out to her. *aside.* *Exit Drawer.* *Ent. Drowzy.*

Drowzy. No Sir, she'l come in to you.

Fly. Prethee honest *Drowzy.*

Drow. Honest *Drowzy* I, I was honest *Drowzy* before I knew you.

Fly. Nay but prethee *Drowzy* that was once honest, Let me speak with thee in private.

Drow. No Sir, you have spoken too much in private with me already, *Ecce signe*, and I'le speak to you here Sir, for all your fine Lass there in the silk, I might have been as fine as she, and yaw had kept your word.

Wild. How now *Stephen*, what's the matter?

Drow. What's that to yaw sir, Pray meddle with your own business.

Fly. Prethee be gone ——, 'tis an honest Lass comes with an errand to me.

Drow. An arrant, what arrant am I, I come to speak to you Sir, and to have satisfaction for the wrong you have done me, ye shall nere carry it to heaven nor to hell.

Enter Drawer.

Fly. What the Devil shall I do, Drawer?
Prethee what hast thou brought me here, a mad wench?

Drow. What would you have sirrah?

Gives the Boy a box oth' eare.

Draw. A pox o' your greasie fingers,
An you were not with Child ——
—— If she be mad, I pray Sir do you tame her. *Exit.*

Rivers. How now *Stephen*, what's the business?

Drow. What care yaw sir, you may go to yawr Gentlewoman in the long locks again.

Mrs. Trim. What is the woman mad?

Drow. Mad! no she's as wel in her wits as you are, though she is not so fine forsooth.

Enter Pimpw.

Pimpw. Mrs. Trimwell, as I live your Husband's here.

Mrs. Trim. Marry Heaven defend.

Pimpw. He's coming up stayrs.

Mrs. Trim. What will become on's.

Pimpw. There's but one way, and thats this, here is a door goes down another pair of stayrs, whilst he comes up, do you

run

run down, you may easily escape unseen by the back-side of *Islington*. Let me alone here.

Fly. I, I, come let's go, I think the devil haunts us to day.

Drow. Pray whither go yaw sir, I ha' more to say to you then so.

Fly. Prethee honest *Pimpwel* keep this mad wench from me, and do you pay the reckning, you know our old rendezvouz.

Pimpw. Well, well, let me alone. *Exeunt Wildblood Mrs Trim. & Flylove, manent Pimpw. with Drowzy.*

Drow. Keep me back! sirrah Ile set all my fingers in your eyes, if you keep me back, though your name be *Pimpw.* you shal not keep the door at this time. *They both strive.*

Trimw. How now what's the matter? *Enter Trimwel.* vanished, ha all vanished, only one rogue and a dirty whore, what are you, what are you, pray turn about?

Drow. Dirty whore, you lye like a base rogue, I am as honest a woman as thy wife, what come you for?

Trim. As honest as my wife, I, I, it may be so good Porpus, I speak not to you, pray Sir where is all your company gone, where's my wife.

Pimpw. Your wife Sir.

Trim. My wife Sir, I my wife Sir.

Drow. Dost thou call me Porpus, you may be ashamed to liken a woman to a beast, I am as like a Christian as thou art, or any of thy kin, my father was as honest a man as any in *Warwickshire*, and his daughter shall not be made a fool yet as.

Trim. Wher's my wife? what secret holes have you?

Pimpw. What do you ask me for your wife Sir, I know her not, nor you? *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Anon, anon Sir, by and by, did you call? how now what's become of the company was here, who payes the Reckoning?

Trim. Hey day, what have they left their Reckoning to pay, they were in mighty hast it seems?

Drow. Was the woman in the black Guown yawr woife Sir?

Trim. Yes, which way went they?

Drow. Marry 3. Gentlemen carried her down them stayrs,
You were best make haste after 'um, or they'l
Make you a Coockold afore you come, and then
You'l lose the sport.

Trim. Ile follow presently, I guess where to find them.
If I cannot overtake them.

Exit. Trim.

Drow. By the masse Ile follow too, for my Gentleman
Is amongst them; Ile teach him to turne
Up wenches bellies, and give them no sartifaction.

Exit Drow.

Pimp. Well you have your reckoning *Drawer.*

Draw. To a farthing Sir, if you'l stay Sir, Ile give
You one pinte, becaus you shall remember the
Sarazens head in *Islington.*

Pimp. I cannot stay now, I faith sirrah, but next time
I come this way.

Draw. Well Sir, you are welcome, by and by, I come,
I come.

Exit Draw.

Pimpw. So, so, a bad shift's better then none; oh the rage his head is filld with for his wife, and the belly full of vexation she has to find Mr. *Flylove.* Pox of all fooles, *I* wonder what mad folly posses'd him to lye with this dirty, greasy kichen-wench, was his appetite so sharp set, that he must needs be lapping in the Dripping-pan? well, Ile follow them; *I* know their old haunt (the Kings-head at *Hogsdown*) Jealousie hath many eyes, *I* must prevent the searcher: If all my plots hit right,
Ile make the Cuckolds horns hang in his light. *Exit.*

Actus primus, Scæna secunda.

Enter *Marcurio* and *Splendora.*

Mercu. My fair *Splendora*, though my fortunes are,
Humble as he that ownes them; yet *I* can

Love

Love thee with holy ardencie; devoutly
As zealous men in prayer do their Saints,
Or Votaries their Goddess.

Splend. I know you want not wit to coyn a passion,
And pray (with all *Mercurio*) conceive,
I know how many symtoms of true love,
A Parasite (in service to his Mrs.)
Can use to gain his end; 'tis not a sigh,
Dissembled sorrow in a far straind tear,
The folded Arms; Encomiums compos'd,
With many interjections, nor the trick,
Of praising what she's pleased with, can move me
To the least faith, he whose slow tongue speaks least,
In Love or sorrow oftentimes means best.

Merc. I am sorry you should think I doubt your knowlege
I know you have a soul as full of Raies,
As *Delphean Phœbus* in oraculous glory;
You have divinity enough to see,
The purest love from nicest flattery,
Or I should ne'r affect you, tis my thought,
That she whom flattery can purchase to me,
By one more subtil may be flattered fro me.

Splend. You give a large account of your pure thoughts,
And I beleeve thee with such confidence,
As to not do't, were heresie; I here
Resign thee all the intrest I hold dear,
In this weak frame.

Merc. That shall contain us both,
Our hearts shall be one individuall essence,
To which we'l frame like passions, like affections,
By this divineſt Metomorphosis,
The Gods (well pleas'd) shall terminate our lives,
Both at one Expiration in good age,
Season'd and fit for glory, more Divine,
Where in one orbe our unity shall shine.

Ent. Mr. Nice.

Nice. Who's here (undone) *Mercurio* and my daughter
Embracing? Changes Kisses? I shall part you.

Splend. My Father.

Nice. Splendora, your Mother calls you.

Splend. I am sorry Sir I have such faulty ears, as not
To hear till your love please to tell me,
I attend her. *Exit Splend.*

Nice. Sir tis to you that I direct my speech.

Merc. I shall attend Sir what your speech directs.

Nice. To this intent I frame it, whats the cause
You make it all the business of your time
In visits to my house? though uninvited,
I do not say you'r an unwelcome guest,
But till I know the motive of your coming,
I shall be cautious in your entertainment.

Merc. Your words do bear a strange suspect in them,
And this to me, the Son of him that was
Once your best friend; whose love hath made you rich,
The manner's somewhat strange.

Nice. I shall be plainer,
I disaffect your neerness with my daughter, *Splend. stands*
I have beheld loose kisses fond embraces, *within the Arras.*
Her sighes to eccho yours, such wantonness
As may not fit a pair of single creatures,
Much lesse you two, considering the distance.
Sir to be brief, I do suspect you love her.

Merc. Oh nere suspect so Sir, you may be sure on't.

Splend. Why this is honest truth, fine right down dealing.

Nice. And she loves you.

Merc. I hope she will in time Sir.

Nice. Tis well Sir, lend me your eare.

Merc. Your pleasure.

Splend. I fear this whispering portends no good,
Here's pen and paper, Ile appoint our meeting,
Though we shall misse that ceremonious way,
Of lovely parting we were wont to have,
Ile find occasion to deliver this.

Nice. Nay which is more, you are a riotous man.

Splend. My deare Mercurio. *She writes.*

Nice. And let me tell you Sir, my Child and wealth,

Shall

Shall not be both expos'd to your profuſeneſs
Therefore (by my admoniſhment) pray leave her.
Splend. Meete me to morrow. *Writes agen.*
Merc. Sir did you ever love?
Nice. Yes.
Merc. But did you e're affect a Virgin truly?
Nice. As man can do.
Merc. When.
Splend. To morrow in the afternoon. *Writes agen.*
Nice. When time and love had made me capable
Of woman and her vertues.
Splend. In the green long walk by Newington. *Writes.*
Merc. Was not her preſence all your heaven on earth,
And then her abſence brought ſuch ſickly thoughts,
No novelty could mitigate.
Nice. Very true.
Merc. With that affection I eſteem your daughter,
Juſt ſuch a heaven her bleſt ſociety,
And ſuch a hell her abſence, had we not
By ſome diviner inſpiration,
A little proſpect to eternity,
I ſhould believe all joyes of ſoul were her:
The moſt indulgent Mothers never lov'd,
Their fair ligitimate Babes with ſuch a fondneſs,
As I do your *Splendora.*
Nice. You are very bountifull in your expreſſion.
Merc. Too niggardly, her goodneſs merits more
Then I have worth to know, or tongue to utter;
I think her vertues all are infinite,
And not to be examin'd, I have ſearcht,
With moſt ingenious and induſtrious boldneſs,
To take the height of her perfection,
But forc'd with admiration to retire,
For ſtill as I drew neer her ſoul flew higher.
Splend. Your conſtant heart Splendora. *Writes agen.*
Nice. You have expreſt her merit and your love,
And had you an eſtate equall to either,
With worldly providence and care to uſe it,

I ſhould

I should esteem your motion, as you are,
Your polyte phrases cannot work on me,
Nor shall they on my daughter, whose obedience
Must be conformable to my dispose. *Enter Splend.*
Splend. Did you call Sir.
Nice. No,
But since your diligence hath got such wings,
Stay and take leave of your kind visitant,
And be not tedious.
Splend. Well Sir.
Nice. I have some busines may concern your good,
Which you cannot conceive.
Splend. *I* do believe you.
You see my dear *Mercurio*, how adverse *Softly.*
My Father is, time's short, read that, farewell,
We'l meet agen.
Merc. This parting is my hell, *Exit Merc.*
Servant. Sir the French Knight is come, *Enter a servant.*
Sir *Reverence Lamard.*
Nice. Wait on him in.
Ser. *I* shall Sir.
Splend. Oh, my torment!
Enter Sir Reverence and Wildfire his Page.
Nice. Noble Sir *Reverence*, your humble servant.
Sir Rev. Tres humble Serviture Monsieur.
A vostre Serviture Madam.
Nice. Sir you too seldome grace us with your visits,
Although our country custome cannot yield,
That fair and ceremonious entertainment
You French men use; believe me you are welcome.
Sir Rev. Gramercie Monsieur de mon ceuir,
Vat you name de Madam your dater a.
Nice. We call her Sir *Splendora.*
Sir Rev. Spent whora?
Nice. *Splendora.*
Sir Rev. Split whore a.
Nice. The name is some what hard Sir.
Sir Rev. Begar so it is, Split, Split, Split whore a.

Nice.

Nice. *Splen.* *Sir Rev.* *Splen.* *Nice.* Do. *Sir Rev.* Do.
Nice. *ra.* *Sir Rev.* *ra.* *Nice.* *Splen do ra.*
Sir. Rev. *Splen do ra.* *Nice.* Right Sir.

Sir Rev. Madam *Splen do ra*, will you give Sir *Reverence*, Leave to kisse beshide your sheeke.

Splend. Let it be but of one side *I* beseech you Sir, *I* have lately been troubled with the Tooth-ake.

Nice. He leave you sir to opportunity. *Rises.*

Sir Rev. Gramercie Monseir, vostre serviteur. *Vildsier.*

Wild. At your backe Monseir. *Exit Nice.*

Sir Rev. Allo allo. *and wild.*

Wild. *I* am gon Sir. *Exit.*

Sir Rev. Madam your fadra say to me he would have me take you for my wife, my Lady, my Madam, my Madam *Lamard*;

Splend. Did my father bid you put me in hope of these phantasticke titles?

Sir Rev. Fantasie, begar be brave title to be wife to Sir *Reverence Lamard*.

Splend. To be your wife Sir *Reverence*?

Sir Rev. Awee, and Sir *Reverence* to be your husband.

Splend. I thank you Sir.
I hope that uinon will happy prove;
Where Sir *Reverence* is the beginning of love,

Sir Rev. Begar dat was right, me love you out of all cry, You shall be a Lady, when we have marry, wee'l go to *Parry*, begar was de brave City of the World, me will have you dresse like de Frensh Madam, and ride in your Carrosh, begar dis Englisth Dresse is noting; 'tis not a le mode *France*, den me vill shew you de brave Pallace of de King, you never see such state in your life, Oh brava, brava, and den.

Splend. Pray stay there Sir.
I wonder that a Knight of your vast wealth,
In your owne Country could not find a faire one,
Worthy to meet your merrit; I may doubt
You are not what you would have me conceive,
Or my too credulous father is inform'd,

And did your judgment, sympathize with mine,
I would not wish you to adventure marriage,
With any Lady of another Nation,
There is a fitness to be found in love,
Which very far transcends wealth wit or beauty,
By him that keeps me for a better end,
I would not be your Mistris, could you give,
All *Paris*, for Joynture; The truth is I am engaged.

Sir Rev. Begar den you shall be no Lady.

Splend. I shall be contented with my fortune.

Enter to them Nice *and* Wildfire.

Nice. How is't Sir *Reverence*, what is my daughter plyant,

Sir Rev. Begar your dauter say she will no have me, if I Shall give all *Pary* for a zhoynture.

Nice. You must give Virgins license to be Nice,
Things easily purchased are not valuable,
Is it their own worth or their scarcity,
That sets so high a price on Jewells think you.

Sir Rev. Begar your dauter be foolish to slight me,
She bid me love de frensh Lady, begar so me can.

Nice. I hope she hath not angered you Sir *Reverence.*

Sir Rev. Begar is vill know me can have de brave Lady in *France.*

Nice. I do not question't Sir, she is too peevish.

Sir Re. Begar me have scorn a Countesse in *France*, and Have had two three love letter from a Dousheſſe, Since I came to *Englant*, your dauter no know Vat I am, she be foole begar —— *Wildfire.*

Wild. Monsieur.

Sir Re. Donne moy me manteau. *Gives him his*

Wild. Awy Monsieur vostre service. *Cloake.*

Nice. I hope you will not leave us so Sir.

Sir Re. Begar me vill stay no longer your dauter a scorn my love.

Nice. Be not so discontented good Sir *Rev.* all shall be to your wish, I have prepar'd a course banquet for you Sir *Rev.*

Sir Rev. She scorn a my love. *Ex. omnes, manet Splend.*

Splend. This fool it seems is noted to be rich,

What's

What's that to me? In dignity a Knight,
A Knight Sir Reverence, then he is of *France*,
The onely man of fashion (from whose Countrey
All things are acceptable, no disease exeepted)
Let him go seek a choise in his own Nation,
French feats grow stale, I'le have some newer fashion;
I'le learn to love for worth, not one whose flashes
Blaze much, and are at one time flame and ashes,
Give me a man whose love is built upon
Eternal vertue and perfection,
Who loves for mental worth, not outward show,
And such a one is my *Mercurio*.

Actus secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Drowzy and Trimwel.

Trimw. Art sure thou sawst them go this way?

Drow. Sure, yes sure enough, I'm sure they cross'd this field, went o're that stile, and I am much deceived if I did not see *Pimpwel* peep out of yonder Tavern window.

Trimw. That's the Kings-head I know't,
Oh for some queint disguise,
My jealousie hath yet no occular proof,
These two years have I wandred in this maze,
And still been blinded by her subtil sleights?
That *Rivers* is the man I most suspect,
And yet I dare not think he wrongs my bed,
The very thought bred in a jealous breast,
Is proof enough, and then were he defenc'd
With Devils I would end him;
Oh! we vain men covet most to see
What we would not, my eyes can take no rest;
How many Moonshine nights and Summer evenings,
In various shapes have I walkt out to find her,
But never could?

Drow. Would I had never seen the face of Mr. *Flylove.*

Trim. Thou hast even got, thy belly full of mischief too,
But prethe do not cry out i'th fields, though I'm
A Surgeon, I shall make but a mad midwife,
Thou hadst better repare to the City, and quietly,
For a month hire the next Cage is to be let, you
May buy a bed in Smith-feild, they come to Town,
In Cart-loads.

Drow. No Sir, I know you'l lend me a room for one month,
I'le enquier for your house when I come to *London*,
How farr do you live from Cuckolds haven.

Trim. A pox on you for a whore, you have wit enough to jeer though you had not to keep your Maiden-head.

Drow. I pray Sir, is it not your black bird that sings,
I cannot keep my wife at home, my wife at home.

Trim. Out you greazy kitchen whore.

Drow. Why thou foole, is not better to have such a Greazy peice as I am, then to have a curious fine wife, and cannot come neer her.

Trimwel. The whore sayes true, how now who comes here,
Musitians very good, I have a plot,
Come into my head, which by these fidlers, *Enter 5. or 6.*
Meanes I'le put in practise, hark you, *Fidlers.*
Honest Fidlers (Musitians I should call you)
I am a little Musicall my self, Gentlemen
Whither Croud you so fast.

Fidlers. Sir we are sent for to play to Mr. *Rivers* at the Kings-head.

Trim. Frank Rivers. Fid. The same Sir.

Trim. Who playes the Citterne. *Boy.* That do I Sir.

Trim. Very good, I have a plot that shall get you double the mony you expect.

Fid. How is that I pray Sir.

Trim. Why look, *Franke Rivers* is my only Companion, I would now steale upon him in the middle of's mirth disguised like one of you, I have a false beard in my pocket, I'le carry the Base, counterfeit to be blind, and that boy shall lead me, and in the conclusion he shall pay you for the jest.

Fid.

Fid. With all our hearts Sir.

Trim. Dronzy what will you do?

Drow. Ile even home to *London*, but if you see Mr. *Flyloeve* tell him I'le serve him such a trick as he saw in's life time, I'le warrant him. *Exit.*

Trim. Farewell good *Dronzy*. Come Gentlemen let's about this business; Aha wife, yfaith I shall over-reach you now.

Sings. I have been a Fidler these fifteen year,
And never was put in the Stocks before,
If an good fellow will give me some Beer,
I'le Fiddle and Sadle, and ner'e give o're. *Exit.*

Actus secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Rivers, Wildblood, Flylove, Mrs. Bellaflora, and Mrs. Trimwell.

Fly. Fair Lady you are welcome, I should salute you by your name if I knew it.

Bella. My name is *Mary Fair-chaste.*

Fly. Fair and chast too, impossible; it is a Paradox to me.

Bella. Is it such wonder to be fair and chaste Sir?

Fly. No, no, 'tis no such wonder, A fair Cabinet should contain a fair Jewel; but since we have had poyson in guilt bowls, killing Perfumes in rich Gloves, Heresie in religious exact habit, and Treason in the well-seeming gravity of State, we put small trust in form; but what do I trouble you with these things, let's drink, sing, dance, and be merry boyes;

We come to be merry, &c. *Sings.*

Gentlemen, what shall we do for a noyse of Vagrants, I have a dancing desire to exercise my heels.

Wild. I have sent for Musick, but we want a woman.

Fly. Its impossible; Drawer. *Ent. Draw.*

Draw. Did you call Sir?

Fly. Intreat your Mistris hither.

Draw. I shal Sir, she prevents my service, she's here already.

Fly. How doth my Madona? my Belladossa? my Sommer sinner, the Conntesse of *Hogsdowne*. *Exit Drawer.* *Ent. Mrs.*

Mrs. You give me many stiles Mr. *Flylove.*

Fly. I have come over as many more stiles to behold thee my Queen of the Kings-head. Hark you; what rate holds womens flesh? in breif hast thou ever a peice of Impenitence, that will be sociable, and will desire, only her pleasure for her paines, if she can dance well, wee'l bear with any imperfection else; thou shalt not lose all; wee'l seem to want the knowledg of thy over-reckoning, and pay thee. You know we are noe Cittizens, that (to ease our bodies and preserve our pockets) keep a due Accompt of every quart and paper, by unbuttoning our doublets; or doubt our own memories by calling many reckonings at one sitting.

Mrs. You are very merry Mr. *Flylove*, but as I am a vertuous sinner, you could never have chose a time to have found me so unprovided in a whole summer, there is but one woman in the house, and she is with a French man, yet I believe his greatest business is over, if you will allow of his company you may have hers, nor will he be any interruption to you, for call what you will he'l pay freely, and be as merry as you will give him leave.

Fly. Have they paid all?

Mrs. They are now calling.

Fly. Prethe entice them in.

Mrs. No twill become you better, he may conceive I have some end of mine own in't; your way of invitation will intice him, the society of an English Gentleman, is his only ambition.

Fly. Very well; I'le invite him.

Rivers. Whither go you *Stephen*?

Bella. Sir I'le take my leave of you.

Fly. By no means Lady, I'le return presently, *aside.* *Jack Wildblood* prethee entertain this Lady in my absence, she's modest, & thou art civil; but if you make your seeming civility a bawd to abuse me, look to your self. *Ex. Fly. & Mrs.*

Wild. Well, well, pray follow your humor; Lady you are not merry. *Bella.*

Bella. Is the Gentleman your friend gone?

Wild. Some private occasion, he'l be here suddenly.

Bella. I cannot stay Sir.

Pimp. Mr. *Rivers*; what is Mr. *Flylove* gone? *Enter Pimpw.*

Wild. where's the Musick?

Pimp. I have been as far as *Redcrosse-street* for them, they were playing to a company of Cittizens at the Queens-head, but they told me they would make all the necessary expedition they could possible, and attend you in *Hogsdon* here at the Kings-head.

Rivers. Nay, I'le say that for thee, thou art the happiest Purveyor for Wine, Wenches and Musick, that ever was assistant to the increase of sinners.

Pimpw. Who should I meet withall coming from thence, through the Fortune-Playhouse yard, but old *Jones* the Cobl.

Wild. Thou shouldst have brought him hither.

Pimp. I thought you would have wish'd so, and I have brought him.

Rivers. A Cobler; what is he?

Wild. What is he? why the rarest humorist of a Cobler, that ever was translated into merry company, his wit is jeering, tart in all such jeasts, nor will he spare the proudest he in plush. And speaking in a most composed strain, with countnance grave, no man can take exceptions, but may suppose it ignorance, not wit; You cannot chuse but know him, that is he that owed fourty shillings to an Allderman, to pay 12. pence by the week, when he did exact Coblers law, and made his worshipful creditor give him two pots at every payment.

Riv. Yes, yes, I have heard of him.

Pimp. Then now you shall see him, here comes the man in Person; welcome Mr. *Jones.* *Enter Jones.*

Jones. Thank you good Mr. *Allexander*, I'le make bold to salute these worthy Gentlemen, noble Mr. *Wildblood*, I take it.

Wild. The very same Mr. *Jones*, and how did Mr. *Alexander*, and you meet.

Jones. Honest Mr. *Pimpwell* (here) was walking I believe about

about his accasions, I saw 2. or 3. Gentlemen with him, and introth becausel was in my workydaie Clothes, I was ashamed to speak with him, but I thank him good Gentleman, he call'd me to him, and told me I should see some worthy Gentlemen of my acquaintance.

Wild. Here Mr. *Jones*, I'le drink to you and to your wife, do you remember since you put her i'th cage?

Jones. I pray Sir how long is't since we were merry at the Sargeons head in *Islington*, where we drank Sack so long till all our mony was gone, but introth I think I brought but a groat with me; we came off from the reckoning though prety handsomly, but good Gentleman you were forc'd to leave yonr silver Seal behinde, but I think you redeemed it again in a little while.

Rivers. Ha, ha, ha, there he hath met you *Jack*.

Enter Flylove, Sir Reverence, Lamard, and Mrs. Light.

Fly. Gentlemen I presume to invite this worthy Gentleman and his Lady, I pray be courteous to them.

Wild. Noble Sir, a friend of yours can never come unwelcome where we are; my service Sir attends you.

Sir Re. Monsieur your tres nmble umble vassale.

Rivers. Sir according to our downright English Complement you are welcome.

Sir R. Awee Monsieur, begar me tanke you heartely dere be English Complement for you agen, vat velow's dat?

Wild. A very honest man Sir, and Beadle of the parish.

Sir R. A beadle, begar he be no forboon company, my Madam can no endure a beadle.

Jones. Alack good Gentlewoman; no Sir, I am no beadle I can assure you, though the Gentleman pleases to jeast.

Sir R. Begar you look as like a rogua as a beadle.

Jones. Alack, I believe Monsieur you have heard the ill newes lately come forth you are so angry of the sudden.

Sir R. Begar me have hear no ill news.

Jones. then I'le tell you Sir, the sad report goes that most of the English Gentlemen in *France* must return to England agen I am sorry for't.

Sir R. Begar vas nothing but lies; how now vat is here, Fiddles? Madam sall we dance? *Enter*

Enter Musitians, amongst them, Trimwel disguised like an old blind Fidler, and led in by a boy.

Wild. Well done, you are honest Rascalls, every man take his stool, strike up courageously, and be sure have a speciall care he that plays oth' base Violin sleep not, we are no colls you know, you must not flam us.

Riv. Come Gentlemen shal we try our footing, here am I.

Fly. And here am I.

Wild. And if this Gentleman please, here I'le be.

Sir Rev. Vould all mine heart Monsieur.

Bella. I cannot dance believe me Sir.

Fly. Nor I, we'l onely practise.

Mrs. Light. Excuse me Sir, indeed I cannot dance.

Wild. Excuse me Sir, indeed *I* cannot dance? You shall not dance excuse me then, that Country trip is old, we'l have some novelty.

Riv. Are you perfect in the tune I gave you last to practise?

Fidlers. Very perfect Sir.

Rivers. Let me hear it. *They play the tune once over.*

They dance the tune once over, then enter into a figure with, the beginning of the first strain, Pimpwel and the Mrs. betwixt every change two persons drink till it comes round, and Pimpw. discovers Trimw. in the Dance, and at the end of several Changes he declares his discovery.

Pimpw. Mrs. *Trimwel* do you observe that old fellow that plays oth' Base. *First Change. Wildb. and his Mistris drink.*

Mrs. Trimw. Well, what of that?

Pimpw. By my life 'tis your Husband.

Mrs. Trim. My Husband? *Pimpw.* Take no notice.

Wild. Come t'other Change. *They dance, at the end of the next Change* Flyl. *and his Mrs. drink.*

Bella. Pray let it be your love Sir, 'Twill make the Health much sweeter.

Rivers. Thou mak'st me wonder. *At the end of the next Change Mrs. Trim. and Rivers drink.*

Mrs. Trim. As I live 'tis true.

Rivers. What? he that plays the Base?

Fly. Come to the next.

Trim. Here is strange humours in this Dance, how they drink and whisper, as if they had capering minds as well as bodies; Hey! how my wife trips it, when she comes home she was with one Aunt or other; She's no Tavern-dancing company, no, no; Oh my bleft disguise. *This last Change Pimpw. and the Mistris drink.*

Pimw. Oh your Bulls-head, we'l take a course to order you, you blind puppy, because you wink you think no body can see you; Come the tother Change, and conclude.

Sir Rev. Begar vas mose brave, my Lady dance all lemode like our Frensh Madam. *They dance the last Change of all.*

Jones. Introth Mr. *Flylove* you dance very well, but that you straddle so much, but if you take it in time that may be altered; Oh Mr. *Flylove* you have a little gone awry, but mum for that.

Fly. Well said Mr. *Jones*, do you remember one night when you cast Anchor ith' kennel, and call'd to the Goldfinder for a Coach, who mounted you in his Chariot, and drew you to the River *Acharon* at the back-side of *Islington*.

Jones. Oh! Mr. *Flylove* you are an ingenious Gentleman, I have heard high commendations of you by a Neighbours daughter a friend of mine.

Fly. Prethee who's that?

Jones. 'Tis a very good natur'd Lass, if she knew you were here, she would have a quart of Wine at your service.

Fly. Do I know her?

Jones. Do you know her? Do I know *Jone* my wife? Do not you know *Alice Drowzy*?

Fly. Pox on you hold your tongue, this dirty whore hants me in a thousand shapes, I must throw her out of my memory. Come Gentlemen shall we have another Dance?

Rivers. Come Gentlemen t'other Dance.

Sir Rev. I come, me like de Dance better den Song.

They all dance to a sprightly Ayr, but in the fourth Change

Change they all dance off from the Stage into the Tyring-house, where they remain till the tune is plaid once over; then they dance all in again, and come to their severall Figures, and continue dancing the tune once more over; then they dance in and out again as before; At the last they Dance quite away from the house, leaving the Fidlers to play to the Monsieur, Mr. Jones, *and themselvs; having played an unreasonable while, they desist, and the Monsieur speaks.*

Sir Rev. Hold, hold good Monsieur Minikin, for begar dey have dance avay wid my Ladee; Rogue, Drawer. *Ent. Draw.*

Draw. Anon, anon Sir.

Sir Rev. Fere be de Zhentlemen and de Ladee.

Draw. They have taken Coach Sir, and are at *London* by this time.

Fidlers. How? how?

Sir Rev. Begar me never saw sush a frisk in my life; Vas dis de skip de Angleteire?

Drawer. I was bid to deliver this Note to him that plays on the Base?

Trim. To me? give me't.

Draw. Yes, they say your ill fidling made them all dance quite away, they would have staid longer else.

Trim. The Devils have unridled me; what's here?

Trim. reads.

The Woodcock when his head is hid,
Thinks his body is unspid;
Fool when thou comest next to find us,
Bring some better trick to blind us;
Pay the reckning, or you'l finde,
There's a worser plot behinde.

Jones. What have you there Sir, a Bill of Exchange?

Trim. Pox on your Cobling jeasts, you quibling Coxcombe I am undone for ever. *Trimwell pulls off his grey beard.*

Sir Rev. Begar de Fidler be mad, he tear his hair off.

Jones. Who's this? My old acquaintance Mr. *Trimwel.*

Trimw. Hang up your old acquaintance, do not trouble me, who would have thought that through this disguise their careless eyes should thus discover me, but I'le follow them as close as Death doth sin. *Offers to go off.*

Draw. Sir you must pay the Reckoning first.

Trim. Shall I?

Draw. Before you part, it is your device hath made us lose the best Guests that come to our house.

Trim. How much is it?

Draw. One pound thirteen and nine pence.

Trim. Here's the French Knight, one of their company that call'd it in, let him discharge it.

Sir Rev. Disharge it, begar my Lady have left me noting to disharge, she got all my mony and my Wash. *The Frenchman feels in's pockets.*

Jones. Gentlemen, I'le go pay my part at the bar.

Draw. Your part, what's that?

Jones. A three-pence, a good three-pence, a Spanish 3. d. and so farewell to you both good Gent. *Ex. Jones.*

Trim. Well, there's your mony Drawer, I must confess I drank for't.

Fidlers. Who shall pay us Sir?

Trim. The Devil pay't, shall I be made a But for every knave to shoot at.

Fidlers. Sir, you are the cause that we have not only lost this mony, but our credit with the Gentlemen, if we had known you had been a Trapan, you should ne'r have been admitted into our company; you had other pretences.

Trim. Well, since 'twas my plot, I am like to pay for't, there's a French crown among you, pray get you from me. Sir, you are a stranger, and therefore I have nothing more to say to you, but to desire your absence. *Exeunt Fidlers.*

Sir Rev. Mee bee glad mee come off so, farewel Monsieur Bo-peep. *Exit Sir Rev.*

Trimwel solus.

Trim. The just cause of my fears I now perceive,

As

As evident as day-light; in this Dance
There is compos'd all that her wanton heart
Can give, or he can covet, I must now
Turn all my love to loathing; Sweet Revenge
I am thy faithful Votary, I will still
Pursue their foot-steps, and with wary eyes,
Watch their Adulterous Conspiracies:
Now I have thought upon't, if they defend
Their persons from this plot I now intend,
I will disband my reason, and resign
My Intellectuals, or what else is mine:
Look to it Gallants, the next time you view me,
I'le make you curse the time that e're you knew me.

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Mercurio and Splendora.

Mercu. Time and our fitter opportunity,
The pleasant entertainment of our love
Hath almost wasted; 'tis an hour neer night,
And we can tread no farther then to'th place
Thy Father hath expell'd me, we must part,
But urg'd to't with much more unwillingness,
Then heat from life, when souls and bodies seperate.

Splend. Thou shalt not leave me yet, I'le plant my love
Above my fear, it is a nobler passion,
Nor shall my fathers frown have more command
On my affection, then thy brow made smooth
By thy own love, credit me gentle youth,
Thou hast next rule in this weak mansion
To him that built it.

Ent. Nice. Sir Rev. Trimwel and two Serjeants.

Nice. That's he.

1. *Ser.* We know him Sir.

Nice. Perform your task then.

2. *Ser.* I'le warrant you.

Sir Rev. Begar me have wash him hither, now me sall be revenge.

Nice. Stay not for bayl, I'le double your reward.

1. *Ser.*

1. *Ser.* You are a kind Gentleman: Sir we arrest you by the name of *Mercurio.*

Merc. Arrest me Sir, who hath employ'd you for this Action? At whose suit is't?

2. *Ser.* At the Suit of Mr. *Nice*, a very honest Gentleman I can assure you.

Merc. You guess that by his bounty for your baseness: What is the sum?

1. *Ser.* Twenty pounds upon bond, if you have speciall Bayl, produce it presently, we cannot stay.

Merc. Why is your time so precious that is spent to ruine man-kind, be not pray so hasty, where is the Gentleman?

2. *Ser.* He is not far Sir. *Nice.* What is your wil with me.

Merc. Longer time for payment of your debt.

Nice. I may forbear no longer, Sir you know the mony hath been due these 14. weeks, it is in vain to think you can urge me to an agreement, but my present sum.

Splend. But not, I intreat that mercy Sir.

Nice. Fond Girl ask mercy for your disodedience, I have appear'd too temperate with you, and shown too much indulgence; 'tis your cause that makes him suffer.

Splend. And 'tis his abuse
Will make me perish; Oh remember Sir
You had a wife, my Mother, whose dear dust
With low and humble reverence I kiss:
Had you been seiz'd between two Tygers thus,
Would't not have mov'd her, made her plyant knees
Grow toth' dull earth, till the deaf Creditor,
(By importunacy more then compunction)
Had seal'd a truce 'twixt him and's undone Debtor.

Nice. Your superstitious knees in vain are bent
For this bad cause, Laws Moral and Divine,
Have still provided that each man shall claim
What is his right, I but exact mine own.

Splend. What can you call your own, that you may spare,
Whilst still the cryes of widdows, injur'd Orphans
Beat at the ears of pitty; had this man
(Trapt in the snares of Canibals) his own

The fair inheritance his birthright claims,
(Heaven pardon them that have it) I believe
You need not rack his body for your owne.
Nice. Your zeal makes you forget your self.
Splend. My sorrow is too bold indeed, to see
Such pregnant hopes thus blasted in the bloom
Of teeming growth, nipt in the springing bud
Of spreading youth; to see mans span contracted,
Sent to the grave e're yet he can conceive
The end of his Creation, 'cause his Chests
Want coyn, not to supply, but cram anothers:
Joves great impression suffers this decay,
For want of *Cæsars* Image stampt in Clay.
Nice. I'le hear no more. *Splend.* A little pray Sir,
He that's so indigent to want the means
Of rendring your right, whilst he enjoys
His fair and open freedom; Can you believe,
That being close pent up with Iron barrs,
Stone walls and Jaylors hearts,
Where every cowardly Creditor treads down,
The o'rethrown Debtor with a doubled sum,
That stands bayl-proof; is that a time to satisfie,
Unless he had the Elixor to convert
The Iron grates to Gold, or (which is best)
To nothing. *Nice.* Officers what stay you for?
1. *Ser.* Come will you go Sir.
Splend. How diligent in cruelty you are:
Have you the heart to think this good old man
(That knows the scales unto Eternity
Are pitty, mercy, love (the best Religion)
Fear of oppression) will commit his youth
To your ungentle usage?
2. *Ser.* Pray be not mov'd with us, your father may release him.
Splend. Look Sir, the Officers grow merciful,
And seem to bear no part in his undoing;
Shall men that study nought but cruelty,
Out-doe you in an act of gentleness?

Nice.

Nice. Officers, I'le leave him to your charge, take Bayle at your peril. *Exit Nice.*

Splend. Sir Reverence, will you be bayl for him, you are good for nothing else.

Sir Rev. Begar me be no bayl. *Exit Sir Rev.*

Splend. There's a day for thee when no bayl shalbe taken; Shall I speak one word with your Prisoner?

1. *Ser.* Two if you please. [gate.

Trim. Hark you Mr. *Tripe*, I shal find you at the Compter

2. *Ser.* Without fail.

Trim. I have another mischievous imployment for you.

1. *Ser.* We shall endeavour to perform it Sir.

Trim. Oh Sir, I know you to be deserving men; there's money, enter an Action against *Stephen Flylove* at the suit of *Alice Drowzy* in an Action of assault and battery committed upon the belly of the said *Alice* last *May*, the Planets being *Venus* and *Mars* Rampant, and the Sign *Virgo*.

2. *Ser.* I apprehend you Sir.

Trim. Apprehend me Sir, for what? you are deceived, you must apprehend Mr. *Flylove*.

2. *Ser.* I understand you Sir.

Trim. Farewel my understanding Serjeant, *Exit.*

Merc. Come we must part. *Splend.* I'l come and visit thee.

Merc. Thy sight in prison is my liberty. *Ex. several ways.*

Act 3. Scen. 2.

Enter Stephen Flylove and Bellastira.

Fly. Can you conceit why I have singled you thus from the company. *Bella.* No, pray instruct me Sir.

Fly. The instructions are too easie to be good, since you appear so innocently modest, I'le be your amorous School-master for once. *Bella.* You'l teach me no ill Doctrine.

Fly. No, no, prethee observe me, be but capable, and I'le warrant thee an apt Scholler.

Bella. Well Sir, so far as I perceive it's good, I'le learn.

Fly. I'le shew you the Lovers Alphabet, be observant then, and be not squeamish, but do as I direct you; When a Gentleman and's Lady do meet, *A.* the first letter is A salutation.

Bella. The word begins with S. *They salute.*

Fly.

Fly. No matter for the word, give me the ſence, B. the next letter, lend me your fair hand.

Bella. Very good Sir.

Fly. 'Tis in a very good hand indeed; nay I'le ſhew you more tricks by and by, it is ſo very fair that I muſt kiſs it, there's a letter gone that ſtands for C. I confeſs C. may ſtand for another buſineſs, and fitter for the letter, but a kiſs ſhall ſerve at this time.

Bella. On I pray Sir.

Fly. Nay, I ſhall come on faſt enough, I warrant you. D. ſhall joyn both our hands, now do we look as if we were wreſtling, which of us both ſhould give the firſt kiſs.

Bella. You make your own conſtruction Sir.

Fly. I, I, no matter, it's nere the worſe for that.

Bella. Proceed Sir.

Fly. Stay, ſtay, let's pauſe a little, you'l forget it agen elſe, E. is embrace me, there I have hit you to a letter.

Bella. You come neer me now Sir.

Fly. I ſhall come neerer yet, for F. I'le ſtroak your cheek.

Bella. F. ſtands for flattery.

Fly. Not at this time fair one, if you will tye me punctually to a letter F. ſtands for Faith or Friendſhip.

Bella. That is the trueſt uſe on't.

Fly. Well, it ſhall go ſo then. G. is a Gift. *Gives her a Ribbon.*

Bella. I'le wear it. *Fly.* Let me ſee you.

Bella. Firſt make an end.

Fly. H. ſtands for Hug me t' you.

Bella. I have heard of a Wine call'd by that name Sir.

Fly. Were it Nectar it could not be ſweeter then this.

Bella. It ſeems your favour and my embrace do want no acceptation.

Fly. I. ſtands for you, and K. ſtanding for kiſs, is I kiſs you. By the breath of *Venus* y'have a pleaſant lip.

Bella. I'm glad it pleaſeth you; to the next letter.

Fly. L. is another kiſs, it ſtands for Love.

Bella. L. may be luſt, but it ſhould be Love.

Fly. I, I, it may ſtand for both by fits. M. ſtands for *Mary*.

Bella. So it may for Marry.

Fly. Remember R. ſtands for repent, but I am far enough off from that. N. is the next letter, N. ſtands for ne're be good, you ſhall learn O. Q. P. V. in private, that is the full prick or concluſion of the Lovers Alphabet.

Bella. Take heed, be not too haſty.
Some that would ſeem more nice then vertuous,
Who uſe a bluſh, or modeſt baſhfulneſs,
To vail their knowledge of ill propoſitions,
(Such as I'm ſure pou make, though y'have a trick
To ſmooth it o're with your methodick wantonneſs)
Would be aſham'd to tell you your ill meaning,
But I will not.
L. in your Alphabet doth ſtand for luſt,
And be not fool'd with ſuch a vanity,
To think becauſe you are a handſome man,
Or I ſo eaſie won to your ſociety,
That I will do an act may hold proportion
With any baſeneſs; if you can love truly,
Without a glance to any vild reſpect,
Reveal it, I was never ſo ill bred
To give diſcourteous anſwers.

Fly. Love, and love truly, are not you married?

Bella. I am not now Sir.

Fly. A widdow and ſo cautious, I'le try another way;
Have I taken up an Angle inſtead of a *Bona Roba?*
Yes I can love thee, and can love thee truly, and heartily,
I'le ſwear ſo if thou'lt have me.

Bell. Let me but hear you Sir, I'le ſwear as much.

Fly. Wilt thou, faith ſtay a little.

Bell. What do you pauſe on't Sir?

Fly. No, no, I'm ready enough to ſwear, I am loath to caſt away too big an oath, and I'm afraid a ſmal one wil not ſuffice her. *Bell.* Come I'le propoſe the Oath.

Fly. With all my heart.

Bell. By thoſe diviner powers that govern Contracts,
Swear to be true to me.

Fly By all thoſe ſacred powers I kiſs the book & ever wil obſerve it, come ſhal we walk aſide now: *Kiſſes her.*
Whoſe here? *Bell.*

Bell. I am glad you are prevented; How vainly men in their rash heat will swear to what they ne'r intend. *Enter Wild.* How now *Stephen*, what do you flye from your Colours? *Riv. Wild. and Mrs. Trimwel.*

Fly. No Sir, *I* flye to my Colours, red and white, I'm a right English-man. *Riv.* Where's *Pimpwel* gone?

Fly. I sent him for more Money.

Wild. But that Heaven ordained al things for a good end, a man might swear that *Pimpwel* was created for a Pimp: how cunningly he found her husband out, & how suddenly the rogue contriv'd that quick escape; I will have him put in the Almanack next to the Gunpowder-Treason.

Rivers. Or *Gowries* Conspiracy; In what a stammering case now is my French-man; and now I think upon him, I have seen a face as right like that in *Parris*.

Wild. Faith so have I.

Mrs. Trim. Were you e'r in France Mr. *Rivers?*

Rivers. Yes Sweetheart.

Mrs. Trim. I have had a brother there these 14. years, and have not heard from him. *Riv.* What part of *France*? *Mrs. Trim. Paris. Wild.* What was his name? *Enter Mrs. Trim. Brooks. Wild.* I never heard of him. *Pimp.*

Fly. Haft thou brought the mony. *Pimp.* Ther's. 5. l.

Fly. Go and bespeak supper at the *John of Jerusalem*.

Pim. I fear it's too late. *Fly.* What's a clock? *Pim.* Past 9.

Fly. No matter; Lady you shall not leave me.

Bell. Indeed I cannot stay, to morrow where you please I'le keep an hour with you. *Fly.* we'l drink a pint & talk on't

Pimpw. I'le tell you news, The French Knight's arrested at the suit of Mr. *Bonaventure* an English Merchant for 6000. pound, is gone to prison, no bayl will be taken.

Fly. I'm sorry for't; go, prethee make haste.

Pimpw. I am gone. *Exit Pimpw. Enter Porter.*

Port. Gentlemen, my business is to one Mr. *Elylove*, Can you direct me to him?

Fly. What is your business Porter?

Port. I pray read that Letter Sir, I received it from a young Gentleman.

Fly. Gentleman! I hope it is no news from *Drowzy*. To my friend *Stephen Flylove*; I'le try what your inside sayes; Ha, come with all speed, Gentlemen I have sad news for you, *Mercurio* is arrested. *Reads the Superscription.*

Wild. Arrested! *Riv.* What devil did the deed?

Fly. *Nice* the rich Merchant, 'tis but 20. l. [1000.

Riv. But 20. l. alas poor Gentleman, he can as wel discharge

Fly. He hath writ to speak with me, he is not yet in prison.

Wild. Where is he?

Fly. At the Harrow-Tavern in little *Woodstreet*.

Wild. Come we'l all go, perhaps they'l take our Bayl.

Riv. No hang them, these Citizens will take none but Free men; We'l make a tryal though.

Wild. I would *Pimpwel* were here agen, I am sorry you appointed a Supper.

Fly. No matter, we shall know some end on't suddenly.

Riv. Let us defer no time, at the Harrow-Tavern say you.

Bella. Sir I must take my leave of you at next turning.

Fly. Well, meet me at the *Jerusalem*-Tavern, but be sure you fail not.

Bella. Your injunction shall be observed.

Fly. I'le leave a Glove at bar. *Exeunt.*

Act 3. Scæn. 3.

Enter Mr. Hemlock, Mrs. Hemlock, Trimwel, Mace & Tripes.

Trim. Mrs. *Hemlock* if you and your husband do not assist me in this plot of dexterious mischief (finister I should call it) I shal be disgraced beyond remedy; I have now met with an opportunity so pleasing, so fit, so apt to entertain my purpose, an hour where only *Saturn* is predominant, shall so jerk my light-heel'd Gallants, and the politick little Gypsie my wife, *Flylove* is the pin that must set all the other wheels a going, which pin this honest blade my old acquaintance *Tripes* shal turn, Mr. *Mace* I know your part is not the least in this revengeful conspiracy, be sure you use him roughly that it may cause a quarrel, and young *Rivers* will take fire at the least spark.

Tripes. If scurvy usage will make them quarrel they shal not want it, I hope *Tripes* is not so learn to use a man scurvily,

vily, I'm sure I have practiz'd these 20. years, and there's never a one that ever I arrested yet can give me a good word; The Players brought me oth' Stage once I thank them in a Play call'd the *Roaring Girle*, or *The Catchpole*, he was a pretty fellow that acted me, but he came short of the rogueries I have done. *Mrs. Hem.* You have sent a Porter.

Trim. I saw him deliver the Letter.

Mrs. Hem. 'Tis very well, 'cause this is a large room, you shall retire into a less, I'le shew them up stayrs, and pretend that *Mercurio* and the Serjeants are gone into the City to see some friend of his for bayl, and will be here presently, which to countenance you shall leave your pint pot half full of wine, your empty foul pipes and the candle, and when I shall give the watch-word you may enter.

Trimwel. And now you talk of the watch-word, is the Watch set at *Cripplegate*?

Mrs. Hem. And hath been this half hour.

Trim. If there be but the least disturbance, let your boy be ready to call the Watch up; can he frame a lye handsomly before the Justice next morning, I know the Watch will do their parts, only they have one fault, which is to charge every offender with one way of assault, that must be avoided.

Mrs. Hem. I warrant you for the boy *Ned.*

Boy. Anon, anon Sir, Did you call Mr. *Mr. Hem.* Yes Sir.

Trim. Is thy name Villanous?

Boy. No Sir, 'tis a nick-name my Mr. hath given me.

Trim. But thou must now deserve it, can you if need be, abuse, I mean accuse a Gentleman before a Justice of peace, to do a courtesie for a friend of your Masters?

Boy. Of what degree must the fault be?

Trim. Of what degree? a learned boy, oh my dainty pick-pocket, he hath faults at's fingers ends, the devil hath given us such equal gifts; let me hear your degrees my fine villain.

Trim. Time runs away, let me hear som of them presently.

Boy. Why sir, I can accuse him for picking of your kocket calling you son of a whore, Rogue, Knave, Cheat, striking of you with a sword, with a staff, with a pot, a Candlestick, or stab'd you with a Tobacco-pipe, or —— are you married?

Trim. Yes Sir.

Boy.

Boy. Then if you will Sir, I'le swear I saw him lye with your wife.

Trim. No, no, hang you, I'le have thee swear to nothing that appears like truth, you shall find cause enough to swear I'le warrant you, and so we shall have all.

Tripes. I should know this boy, a pretty ingenious Lad; Dost thou not know me *Jack?*

Boy. My name's *Richard Philpot*, I was born in Turnbal-street

Tripes. 'Tis true, 'tis true, dost not know me *Dick Filpot?*

Boy. No truly Sir.

Tripes. How doth thy father, is thy mother living still?

Boy. No Sir, she's dead; did you know her Sir?

Tripes. Did I know her, I a dozen years before I knew thee, why thou art now, let me see, 1641. thou art now some 14. years of age *Dick.* *Boy.* I am almost 15. Sir.

Tripes. I think thou wantst half a year on't.

Boy. No Sir, I want but a quarter.

Tripes. I, thereabouts, didst never hear thy father speak of me *Dick.* *Boy.* No indeed Sir.

Tripes. I am thy Godfather. *Boy.* Are you Sir?

Tripes. Am I quotha, who would have thought to have seen this boy here; do thy duty, I shal find something for thee.

Boy. Pray Godfather give me your blessing.

Tripes. Good boy, thou art no Browniſt, I see thou canst kneel to thy Godfather for a gift, so can som of them too for thy hopes, but, yfaith boy *I* cannot part with mony at this time, thou shalt have my blessing. *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

Boy. A pox of your blessing, *I* thought how wel you were my Godfather; had it not been for the hopes of your mony I'de have seen you hang'd e're I'de have beleeved you, I know where my Godfathers are, though I'de have satisfied your humor for your mony. *Within. Boy, Drawer, Drawer.*

Trim. Boy look to your charge, they are come.

Boy. By and by, anon, anon Sir. *Exit boy.*

Mrs. Hem. Go all of you into that room.

Mr. Hem. The watch-words shall be, *I wonder he staies so long.* Mr. *Trim.* I would not have you seen. *Exeunt Serj.*

Trim. No, I'le warrant you. *and Trimwel:*

Mrs.

Mrs. Hem. You are very welcom Gent. *Ent. Wild, Fly.*

Wild. Are you the Master of the house? *Riv. & Mrs. Trim.*

Mr. Hem. Yes Sir, for wans of a better.

Wild. It may be so; what shall I call your name?

Mr. Hem. My name is *Hemlock* Sir.

Fly. Thou art half hang'd, thou hast an ill name *Hemlock* and a Vintner, bless me from thy wine; did there not a couple of Serjeants bring in a Gentleman even now?

Mr. H. Yes Sir, are you the Gentleman he sent for?

Fly. Where is he?

Mr. H. He and the Serjeants are gone into *Cheapside* to a friend of his that he hopes will bayl him, they'l be here presently, this is his room.

Fly. Why would not that friend come hither?

Mr. H. He was in bed Sir.

Fly. A poor excuse, that man will scarce be bayl, that will not leave his bed to save his friend.

Mr. I hope Sir you will do him some good, he's a pretty Gentleman, 'tis pitty he should suffer.

Fly. It is indeed, hath he paid the reckning.

Mr. No Sir. *Fly.* How long hath he been gone?

Mr. Half an hour Sir, I wonder he stays so long. *Enter Serjeants.*

Wild. How now, who are these?

Tripes. Is your name Mr. *Flylove*? *Fly.* Yes Sir.

Tripes. I arrest you at the suit of *Alice Drowzy*. *Riv. draws, offers to run at the Serj. and the Mr. oth' house coming between, he is hurt ith' arm, then coms in the mistris.*

Riv. Arrest my friend!

Wild. Then let me suffer too.

Mrs. H. Murder, murder, murder, go run and call the Watch, my husband's kill'd.

Constable. Beat down their weapons, I charge you in the Kings name to keep his peace.

Riv. The Kings peace we will keep.

Const. Or we shall force you.

Riv. Did nothing urge me to't but your force, I should not fear to break it.

Const. Sir you have kill'd the Master of the house.

Riv. I'm very sorry for't Sir.

Const. That is no satisfaction.

Riv.

Riv. He is a man I meant no hurt to; Sir do you send for Chyrurgeon to night, I'le send you one to morrow, I guess the danger of the wound; Come Sir, where will you conduct us?

Const. To the next prison.

Wild. Oh that's the Compter.

Riv. Come then we'l altogether and make a merry night, no question but we shall come off to morrow; I pray Mr. Constable will you come for us betimes.

Const. You shall have all the favour I can do you, I am sorry for this chance. *Fly.* Faith so am I. *Exeunt.*

Trim. And I am sorry too but cannot cry, *Ent. Trimw.*
Now is my plot made perfect, all the wheels
Are in a general motion, I must follow, I shall
Never think they are in prison, till I see them
Within the Compter-gates.
My singing Gallants your mad misdemeanor,
Shall bring you now to sing the Compter tenor. *Exit.*

Actus quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter as in the Compter Wildblood, Rivers, Flylove, Mrs. Trimwel and Keeper.

Wild. Blood of the *Rivers*, thou beginst to droop,
Thy soul seems not so active as it was:
Where be those capering pieces of pure flash,
That made the genius of the place grow Comick?
By the wanton memory of *Chaucer* I could turn Poet,
And write in as Heathen English; and as bawdy;
I'le not to bed to night.

Rivers. Nor I by *Jove.*

Fly. By *Jupiter* nor I, shall we be jovial; why should we not; conceive this place a Tavern, one place may serve for two uses; some conceive it the habitation of the sorrowful, and our free spirits shall convert it to a Paradise of delight; Pray Sir what hour of the night is't.

Keeper. Past twelve Sir.

Fly.

Fly. It is an age to morning: *Frank Rivers*, prethee cheer up the woman, she droops. *Riv.* Dost thou want rest?

Mrs. Trim. Yes Sir, far more then sleep.

Riv. Thy mind's disquiet then, prethee be cheerful,
Sorrows are momentary as well as joyes;
Were I ith' bottome of the Ocean,
I'd bear my head up, till my own weight sunk me.
Sir, can we have some Wine.

Keep. I'le ring the Bell for you, they are up at the Feathers-Tavern; they lye at a safe Guard, they'l have their money before-hand.

Fly. With all my heart, we shall not be mis-reckoned then, here's money for a pottle of Canary, the night is somewhat cold, and Sack is sprightly.

Keep. Hugh, Hugh. *Enter Drawer at the window.*

Hugh. What a Hugh and cry you make, I have stayed up these two nights, you are all mad I think, will you not go to bed to night.

Wild. Prethee honest *Hugh* (if thy name be so) fill us one pottle of Canary, let's have clean pipes and Tobacco.

Hugh. Where's your money?

Riv. At hand, at hand, my midnight Drawer.

Hugh. Who's that, Mr. *Rivers*? *Riv.* I, dost know me?

Hugh. Do I Sir, I fill'd you many a gallon of Wine at the Bear upon *Fleet-bridge.*

Riv. Oh, th'art an honest blade, I know thee, prethee fill me good Wine. *Hugh.* The best in the Sellar. *Exit.*

Wil. Hark you sir, is there not a French knight in the house?

Keep. His name is *Sir Reverence Lamard*, he lies two stories higher to the street.

Riv. A lamentable story! can you not invite him down?

Keep. I'le try Sir. *Riv.* Th'art an honest Keeper.

Fly. These Keepers have been rumor'd to be churlish; I like this fellows humour very well.

Wild. Oh what a crew of Wine-Leaches shal we have stick upon us to morrow morning for our Garnish, we are of the Master-side, your half-crowns a piece Gentlemen, I know the order, I have commenc'd in this Colledge before now.

Hugh. A pottle of Canary in the Compter, score. *Enter*

Fly. In the Compter you rogue; Sir can't you shew us a better room. *Drawer with Wine.*

Hugh. It is too late Sir, pray be civill, and keep your own room: *Exit Drawer.*

Fly. Is this the end of our travail? Here's a Health to our good deliverance.

Wild. By the blood of *Bacchus* I'le pledge thee.

Fly. Come I'le begin a mad Health, and let every man have his fancie.

Here's a curse to all those
That are Priss'ners foes,
And the Coward that goes
To undoe men for blows,
Who doth basely expose
Their bodies to throwes,
In a Prison where growes
Infection toth' nose,
And from top to the toes
Are tormented with woes,
Till, be it spoke under the Rose,
They'r meat for the Crowes,
Confusion to those
In Meeter and Prose.

Wild. Pray drink off your cup, and we'l all keep the close, here comes my white Knight in his Lawn sleeves, now if a Quaker saw him he would take his shirt for a Surpless, and condemn it for a Babylonish Garment, or in good sooth and verily a wicked and superstitious remnant of that foul flaps the whore of Babylon.

Sir Rev. Begar dat whore of Babylon be one of me Aunts.

Riv. Monsieur you see we are come to bear you company, you shall not engross the prison to your self.

Sir Rev. Me tank you for noting, you can no give me de sheat now as you have frō (vat do you cal de fader of de pig)

Fly. The father of the Pig; a Hog.

Sir R. Hog, hog, hog, as you gave me de sheat at *Hogdown.*

Riv. Wel forget it, there was no hurt meant, on my credit, there was another cause you must not know. *Sir* R.

Sir R. Begar but me do know already, you carry away de Surzhons vife, begar he be horn-mad.

Wild. How came you to know this? would he reveal it?

Sir R. Yes begar and more to, 'twas he dat make *Drowzy* de Kishin-wensh to arrest Monsieur *Flylove*.

Riv. The devil at last is even with us. *A shout in*

Within. Room for my Lord Judge. *the Hole.*

Fly. How now what's the matter?

Keep. This noise is ith' Kings Ward; 'tis term'd the Hole.

Fly. But are they allow'd to be so lowd there.

Keep. We cannot check a Custome they have us'd,
Which is when a new Prisoner first comes in,
They have a Scæne of mirth, where one is Judge,
And sits a tryal upon life and death.

Fly. May we not see them Sir.

Keep. I have no priviledge to open Wards at this late hour oth' night, lest some combustion happen amongst the prisoners, which my strength will be too weak to pacifie.

Riv. My life for yours no danger Sir.

Keep. Ye appear honest Gentlemen, and I'le trust ye.

Riv. Thank you Sir; come Monsieur wil you walk down.

Sir R. Zhentlem me vill vait on you to morrow, but me mus ccm to bed; but me have anoder plot in my head begar.

Fly. Wel Monsieur good night, take rest, and sleep secure.

Sir R. Awee Monsieur tres humble serviteur.

Act 4. Scæn. 2.

Enter as in the Hole Wildfire, Lord Lowse-proof, Steward Rentfree Constable-Lazy, and Chamberlain-Jaylbird.

Rent. What is your name my friend?

Lowse. You must tell the Steward your name, you will be the sooner entred a member of the Sheriffs-Basket, there is (my friend) a strange miracle in our living, we never want meat yet keep continual fast; and yet all that fast, you may see by our Clothes we are loose enough; we live in imitation of the Owls, we sleep ith' day time, and revel all the night: Some beds we have for Gentlemen of quality, as my self being the Lord, *Steward Rentfree*, *Constable Lazy*, and *Chamberlain Jaylbird*.

Wildf. Gentlemen, I was a Page to a Knight that was a priſoner in this houſe *Sir Rev. Lamard*, my name is *Wildfire*.

Lowſ. Prethee ſtand farther off, thou wilt melt me elſe.

Jayl. My Lord begins to hiſs.

Lowſ. Gentlemen of the Kings-Ward let us conſult upon the buſineſs, 'tis for the good of the Hole, and of the whole Houſe; let us for once be wiſer and honeſter then e'r we have been, there may come much miſchief by this *Wildfire*, if he ſtay long he will conſume us, and every creeping thing about us, our beds being all ſtraw is very combuſtible; the very blowing on's noſe blows a bed up.

Rent. There's a Bug upon your Honours doublet.

Lowſ. Is there but one, give it *Wildfire*, he is fit for nothing but to receive my Moabites in reverſion, they may live upon him like ſo many Salamanders; I will petition to morrow for the diſcharge of *Wildfire*, he ſhall not ſtay with us, we muſt have *Wildfire* put out, 'tis pity ſuch a ſpark ſhould be in the Compter.

Enter Keeper, *Flylove*, *Rivers*, *Wildblood*, *Mrs. Trimw.*

Stand aſide, here comes the Gentlemen Rats, it is moſt fit I give them the firſt ſalutation; Gentlemen you are moſt unhappily incountred.

Fly. I do moſt unfortunately thank you Sir, we come to ſee your Revels, are they ended? are you my Lord?

Lazy. Yes Sir, he's my Lord.

Fly. Well Gentlemen we make bold to viſit you, and (to be the better welcome) we have brought with us each man a bottle of Canary; who's that knocks?

Keep. 'Tis ſomebody at the Compter-gate, ſome more Rats I believe. *knocking at the Compter-gate.*

Wild. Bring them hither of what degree ſoever.

Exit Keeper *and Lowzy.*

Lazy. I, I, Hole 'um, Hole 'um; Rat, tat tat, this is the City-Mouſ-trap; here do we lye at a ſure ward, revel all night, and breath defiance to the Watch and the Conſtable; we have ſuffered under the terrour of Authority, and now we have got the Law in our own hands.

Lowzy. A Rat, a Rat, a Rat. *Enter Lowzy.*

Riv. What are they, Citizens or Gentlemen?

Low. No, no, they are neither Citizens nor Gentlemen, and yet they are a company for Lords, they are musicall Rats, singing Rats, men that are come to keep time in the Compter; they are crowding in, therefore you that mean to express your activity, prepare and be in readiness, a man in prison may easily do his sink-a-pace.

Enter Keeper and the Musicians.

Fly. These are the Blades that were with us at *Hogsdon*; this was some precise Constable, some brother oth' Family, that sent the Musicians to prison, or else some joviall Humourist that had a mind the prisoners should be merry to night; well my Masters, since you are here, strike up courragiously, here be Gentlemen have a mind to discover their footing, you shall not lose your labour, I'le pay your Fees in the morning.

Fidlers. We thank you noble Mr. *Flylove.*

Low. Gentlemen, throw of your bottomless pantoffles, and let's to't, here's Sack to cherrish us when we have finished. *They Dance an Antick.*

Wildb. Gentlemen, we thank you, when we'r at liberty, we'l send you something worth your estimation, in the mean time drink that. *Gives them money.*

Fly. I come, let's go, I do not like the fume of this close room; how fare you Mrs. *Trimwel*?

Mrs. Trim. Well Sir, but that the scent is somewhat noysome, the room above, from whence we came, is sweeter.

Riv. Come, we'l go up again then.

Fly. I, I, let's go, god-night good friends.

Omnes. We thank you Gentlemen, we'l drink your healths to morrow morning.

Riv. In the morning Musick we'l keep our words with you, but I shall talk with you for the trick you put upon me at *Hogsdon*.

Fidlers. It was no fault of ours indeed Mr. *Rivers*, we'l mak't appear to morrow. *Exeunt Rivers, Mrs. Trim. Wildblood and Flylove.*

Riv. Well, well, good night.

Omnes. Good night to you all Gentlemen.

Low.

Lowſ. Come my Maſters we that were Dancers will make an equal diviſion of the Gentlemans bounty, here is ten ſhillings, and we are ſix on's.

Ren. 12.d. a piece, & the reſt in drink among the priſners

Lowſ. I like the motion well my equal Steward, here is ſome Sack left, that we'l drink with the Muſitians, and excuſe their Garniſh in the morning. *Omnes.* Agreed, agreed.

Lowſ. Let us conſult farther in our with-drawing room: How now Chamberlain cannot you leave your old trade? muſt you be filching? wouldſt thou undo a poor Commonwealth at one pull thou unconſcionable thief, but I am too ſubtil for you ſirrah, you can't deceive me; The devil take me if my Angel leave me.

Rent. Nobly ſpoke my Lord; room for my Lord there.

Enter above with a long rope Sir Rev. Lamard.

Sir Rev. 'Tis very light, begar me ſall be diſcover; now if my ſtring do ſlip, down goes *Sir Reverence* upon ſome Waſhmans head, and begar dat vill bewray all; I can ſee no candle, dere be no body up in de ſtreet, and me can hear noting but de Fiddles in de Priſon; if I ſall break my neck in ſundra for my liberty, begar my adverſary make dice of my bones, but I ſall couzen him, for my bone crumble to aſhes: So, ſo, vas very faſt, and ſo faſt, as me can, me vill down; Begar me tink it be ſomewhat ſtrange dat me mus come to be ſave by de Rope, but if I be taken, for ought I know I ſall be hang in de Rope. I care not me ſall ventre for all dat, as good be hang as live in priſon: Begar here comes ſombody vith light, me ſall be taken, dere be no vay to ſcape, and me canot clime up agen: Oh Diabolo vat ſall become of me, de vindow be ſhut, me can no creep into de Tavern, and I ſall not be taken for Zhorge a horſ-back, as me ſaw once in de Play; begar dis man be drunk, I ſee by his ſtagger.

He ſlides down and reſteth on the Feathers Tavern.

Ent. Pimpw. drunk with a Torch in his hand.

Pimpw. A ſawcy Conſtable to queſtion my lodging, cannot a man go home to his houſe in peace? Is it not ſufficient that I can carry my ſelf to the Compter, but I muſt be beholding to an enigmatical Conſtable, and his miſchievous Watch;

Watch; a man can no ſooner come neer them, but who goes there? come before the Conſtable; Come afore a Cuckold, Oh ſuch a rogue would be hang'd; Let me ſee, where am I? this is *Woodſtreet*, whereabouts is the Feathers-Tavern.

Sir Rev. A pox for you, you be too neer de Feder-Tavern already, and begar now I ſee him, dis fellow be priſoner in de Compter, but I have an invention he ſall no ſpy me, begar me vill creep into dis Buſh, and ven he be gone me ſall go down courageo.

Pimpw. This is the Compter where many a man lies with a heavy heart, I have been a priſoner this two or three years, yet I walk abroad at my leaſure, and am as drunk as a devil for my pleaſure.

Sir Rev. Begar me have extream need to make vater, I ſall piſh my breeſh, Oh Diabolo I ſall be found, begar me can ſtay no longra, me ſall burſe.

Pimpw. I will knock up this rogue *Hugh* at the Feathers; *Hugh*, *Hugh*, you rogue riſe, my name's *Pimpwel*, you ſleepy rogue riſe and let me in, muſt I wait upon you with a pox to you. Nouns what's that? *Sir* Rev. *piſſeth upon him.*

Sir Rev. Begar now I be undon in a piſſing vhile.

Pimpw. You ſon of a Batchelor, do you throw your Piſpots upon my head, if I could finde ſtones I'de break your windows, but ſince I cannot, I will even make bold to ſet fire of your Buſh, then throw your water and ſpare not.

Sir Rev. Oh Mordieu, me ſall be burn in de Buſh, or be hang in de Rope, I vould I were in me ſhamber agen.

Pimpw. What's here, a Rope? ſome priſoner has made an eſcape out of the Maſters-ſide; there's money for ſomebody to pay, I'le in and call the Turn-key, a priſoner eſcap't, a priſoner, a priſoner. *Pimpw. ſpieth the rope.*

Within. From whence?

Pimpw. A private chamber in the Maſters-ſide.

Within. A priſoner, a priſoner.

Pimpw. Look, look, here's the Rope. *Ent. 2. or 3. Keepers.*

Keep. Run up to the Maſters ſide, ſee if the French Knight be in's Chamber, his Action is 6000. l. we are all undone if he eſcape away. *Exit 2. Keepers.*

Pimpw.

Pimpw. I, I, we are all undone, if he be gone here's Rope enough for us all.

3. *Keep.* Pox on you for a drunken rogue, wher haſt bin?

Pimpw. Drinking wine in bowls boys, I am almoſt drunk, but what ſhal we do for the priſoner, ſhall I run after him?

3. *Keep.* Which way is he gone? *Pim.* The Lord knows.

2. *Keep.* Hallowgh? 1. *Keep.* What ſay you?

2. *Keep.* The French Knight is eſcaped, you muſt make ſwift purſuit, he cannot be gone far.

1. *Keep.* Pluck up the Rope; look well toth' Gate, *Pimpwel* run you to *Cripplegate*, you to ſome other Watches, and all the way you run, cry out a priſoner. *Exit.*

3. *Keep.* A priſoner, a priſoner. *Ex. keep. ſeveral ways.*

Sir Reverence *comes out of the Buſh.*

Sir Rev. Oh the great pox run with you all, vat a fear have dey put me in, begar me vill not ſtay, 'tis very light, I ſee no paſſenger, dis vas de braveſt time: So, now me are down, futra for Keeper; begar me can no ſhuſe but laugh, how dey run away from me to find me; Oh me brave buſh! Fiſh vay ſall me take to be ſafe, me mus come no neer *Cripplegate*, nor *Sheapſide*, I ſall take ſome udder vay, the devil is in me if I come agen; Farewell good Compter, I am not loath to part from you: I remember two line of an Engliſhman dat vent from de Priſon, dey var des:

Dis Houſe mus be let at a miſerable rate,
For I ha' left my Shambra, any man may ha't:
Farewel Comptera. *Exit.*

Enter Splendora and a Keeper. [*Mercurio?*

Splend. Can you direct me to the hapleſs lodging of yong

Keep. He lies ith' Maſters-ſide, he is a Gentleman whoſe miſery works much compaſſion in each Officer, I would my power could ſave him.

Splend. Thank you Sir?
Such worthy wiſhes in ſuch men as you,
Who bear a function of that cruel nature,
Being ſo rare, appears moſt excellent;
Pray tell me Sir, how doth he take his ſufferings?

Keep.

Keep. I think he is in love; he's often heard
To sigh a Ladies name, and sing sad Sonnets
In dissolving passion,
Such as might melt the Tyger-cruelty
Of men turn'd Tyrants; thus much I observe,
The prison doth not fright him from his rest,
Like his divorce from her whose name he sighs so;
I'le call him if you please, yet 'tis somewhat early.

Splend. Sir, I give thanks
Unto your loving diligence, and with your leave,
I shall conceive it but a friendly Office,
To spare his labour, and walk up to him. *Exit Splend.*

Keep. Those stayrs direct you, turn on your left hand.

Enter to the Keeper Bellaflora.

Bella. Are you the Keeper Sir?

Keep. I turn the key, my Office is as much
To let men out as in; I take no pride,
To stand 'twixt men and freedome, such a Keeper
I am, and would be thought.

Bella. Heaven be thy Keeper, and grant thy place corrupt thee not; pray Sir, was there not brought in amongst other Gentlemen, a prisoner late last night, call'd Mr. *Flylove?* *Keep.* Yes Lady.

Bella. How could I speak a word in private with him? the business which I have concerns his freedome.

Keep. I shall be glad to call him, —— Mr. *Flylove.*

Prisoners within. Mr. *Flylove*, Mr. *Flylove.* *Ent. Flylove.*

Fly. What a noise you make, I'm become a man of calling now; who is't would speak with me Sir.

Keep. Here's a fair Lady, I'le leave you to your opportunity. *Exit Keeper.*

Fly. Gramercy honest Keeper: How now, who's this? How my blood startles in me on the sudden?

Bella. What, do I fright you Sir? I come to see and comfort you with my best love to file your Fetters off.

Fly. Such charitable language, and such face
Had beauteous *Bellaflora*, to whose soul

Mine was contracted, but my breach of vow,
Joyn'd with the infamy of this loath'd action,
So lately done, hath sent her far from me;
This is the pleasant widdow we met at *Hogsden*,
I remember now;
But see how guilt will fool a man, I was
Admiring how you thought to finde me here.

Bella. Some other time I'le tell you, if I may
(Without the breach of modest manners) ask you
What is the cause of your imprisonment?

Fly. What a question's that? I'le lye ith' Compter all my life time, e're I make known the cause that laid me here, a toy, a trifle, for nothing but disputing with the Constable, here's *Jack Wildblood* and *Frank Rivers* in the house (three merry boys be we) here's the woman too, will you go see them. *Bella.* No Sir, but if the cause of your restraint from freedom be of that easie value, you'l be gone within an hour.

Fly. I, I, within this hour at the fartherst.

Bell. Poor man, how thou deceiv'st me and thy self, *aside*
I as much blush to let him understand
I know the cause of his affliction,
As he doth to reveal it; if you please
I'le stay till you go off.

Fly. You may stay this twelve-month for ought *aside*
I know; I must put her off, to say the plain truth Lady I have an Action entred against me since I came in.

Bella. You need not let that fright you, I have so much skill, although a very unexperienc'd woman to tell you, whilst you are under the command of any Justice for the breach oth' peace, you are not lyable to any Action.

Fly. She says true, where the Devil got you so much law?

Bella. Come, come, I know the cause that keeps you here.

Fly. How! I am sorry for that. *aside.*

Bell. Is't not a womans Action? *Fly.* A womans Action.

Bell. I have hit the mark, and I could name the party.

Fly. Lady I'le take my leave, I'm call'd above.

Bella. Indeed you are not Sir, pray stay a little,
I know you think the fact you have committed,

To

To be of that vile nature, that you blush
To tell or think I know it; you the less
Stand in my condemnation for the ill,
Because 'twas acted on so much deformity,
It makes me think some Witchcraft, drink, or madness
Possest you at that time; they being remov'd,
Your penitence brings back your ravisht worth,
And you are man agen, but the nice winner
Of every fair one's a judicious sinner,
And in that judgement multiplies each fact,
And findes his Tragedy in the last Act.

Fly. This circumstance confirms your knowledge of it,
And I am sorry. *Bell.* That I know't. *Fly.* Tis true.

Bella. But if you please 't shan't be the worse for you,
Would I were beautiful enough to please you,
Or had a mind that you might think so fair,
To merit your best wishes in the bliss
Of sacred Wedlock, you should then be sure
To shake this bondage off. *Fly.* Pray let me pause.
My former rashness may take license for't;
I am in prison, and the Law exacts
My body for a year; I could produce
Such bayl as is sufficient for my freedom,
But I will perish e'r I reveal my scandall;
This woman's fair, and hath a face so like
To one, whose memory I owe my being,
I know not what to answer; Then agen
'Tis for my freedom, from a bondage which
May ruine soul and body; I'm resolv'd,
If *Bellaflora* knew it, so would she,
And pardon all, which works my Liberty.
You do not ask me this to try me, do you?

Bella. No by those joys I wish for.

Fly. Nor tell me of my fact, or of your friendship,
At every angry occasion,
Which the best married pair seldome avoid.

Bella. May all my life be made of discontents,
And they in old age kill me, if I do.

Fly. How neer she comes to *Bellaflora* still,
In all her noble actions; If I could
Believe the Pythagorean axioms true,
Of transmigrated spirits, did the Grave
Contain my *Bellaflora*, I should think
This frame contain'd her soul, the Gods would sure
Consume me, if this Contract I now make
And seal, this vertuous woman were not lawful:
By all the joys eternal, by the hopes
I have to live a life that's long and blest,
To see a numerous issue fairly bred
In all their actions, shewing still the minds
Of their long sleeping Ancestors, I'le bee
Thy husband, love, and life, I'le marry thee.
Bella. This day. *Fly.* This very day.
Within. Stephen Flylove, the Constable's come.
Keep. Sir, the Constable waits for you. *Ent. keeper.*
Bella. Delay not, ith' mean time I'le bayle you here,
Remember Sir.
Fly. I doe. *Bella.* Adieu my dear.

Actus quintus, Scæna prima.

Enter Flyl. Bellafl. Rivers, Mrs. Trimwel and Wildblood.
Wild. Welcome to liberty my Cavaliers,
The gawdy portalls of the red-cheekt morn,
Stand wide to entertain you, and delight
Your sickned sences with the bright display
Of glittering Phœbus.
Rivers. Your genius soars too high, you'l melt his wings.
Wild. I am aiery as *Philetus* when he tripp'd
Over the ears of Corn, and ne'r bent head;
I could out-run *Atlanta.*
Rivers. Atlanta? within these two hours a Cripple could
out-run thee, and give thee five in the fifteen:
But *Stephen*, why so stupid? rowse thy spirit;
Can Liberty discomfort, or the exchange Of

Of grates for fragrant fields diſmay thee thus.
Fly. Faith I am dull, and I ha' reaſon for't.
Wild. What is the melancholly matter prethee?
Fly. That which will move you all when I ſhall ſpeak;
Mercurio's dead. *Rivers.* Dead!
Wild. He was well laſt night. *Fly.* He dy'd this morning.
Wild. Oh my poor loſt friend!
Rivers. His cruel Creditor is paid; Oh my *Mercurio*!
Fly. I knew 'twould dull you all as well as I,
This day his Funeral is, I hope you'l be
The ſad ſpectators of his Obſequies,
Raynard the Keeper will inſtruct you when,
And tell you more, pray go and leave me here,
I have a ſadneſs that concerns not you,
I'le put it off and meet ye. *Riv.* Good morrow *Stephen.*
Wild. Farewel friend. *Mrs. Trim.* Good morrow Mr. *Fly.*
Fly. Your humble ſervant; Lady what ſtay you for? *Exe.*
Bella. Where would you have me be? *Riv. Wild. Mrs. T.*
Fly. Where you pleaſe; I can't command your being.
Bella. What means my Love?
Your ſpeech betrays ſome diſcontent in you.
Fly. Yes, I'm troubled, Oh my ſweet *Bellaflora*!
Bella. Who do you ſigh for Sir?
Fly. A friend, a friend, an honeſt friend of mine.
Bella. This is a time to baniſh diſcontents.
Fly. No, no, to increaſe them.
Bell. It is an hour was made to conſecrate our holy contract
Fly. Why I, I told you ſo. *Bell.* Will you not marry me.
Fly. I will not break my faith to *Bellaflora*
To gain a Queen, a Goddeſs.
Bella. Then you have plighted faith unto another.
Fly. Yes cunning temptreſs I have.
Bell. Why do you blemiſh my well-meaning heart,
With ſuch a title?
Fly. Could your ſecurer ſubtilty preſume
On no deceit but this? Had you propos'd
Out of ſome Magazine of rarities,
Gold, Silver, Jewels, though they were as precious
As *Erephile's* Bracelet (which ſhe ſold Her

Her dear affecting husband for) I had
Esteem'd them all as nothing, but weak I
Too fond of (what I now curse) Liberty,
Must sell my peace, my life, and much I fear
My bliss eternal. *Bella.* Oh you Angels, where
Lives there a faithful man, why did you make
This solemn Contract to me.

Fly. 'Twas a bad protestation, and the breach
Is better then performance, yet because
You shall not say I cheated favours from you,
Resign me to my prison, where I'le live,
Onely with thinking of my *Bellaflora*,
Her very name shall purifie the ayre,
And make a dungeon grow as fragrant,
As Meadow Flowers in triumphant *June*.

Bella. Thou common man that dost two contracts break,
I have so much to say, I cannot speak. *Exit Bellaflora.*

Fly. Like men for Robberies that lose their breath,
I leave the prison to embrace my death. *Exit Flylove.*

Enter Rivers and Mrs. Trimwel.

Mrs. Trim. You are very wanton *Frank*.

Rivers. Now I have got thee single, shall we try
An amorous duell for a boy now, I'm all fire,
And could perform an act 'bove *Hercules* ;
Glue thy red lips to mine, and let us prove,
The jocund pleasure of the billing Dove. *They kiss.*
Agen, once more, you do not do it heartily,
We'l make a numeration from a kiss,
Shall pose Arithmatick. *Mrs. Trim.* You'l tell of this.

Riv. Steal, and reveal ; he's a bold thief indeed.

Mrs. Trim. There are too many such.
They cannot have a favour, —— such a one.

Rivers. I, such a one.

Mrs. Trim. As you imagine, but they must reveal it,
As if it were a second sport to tell it.

Rivers. They glory in their actions, and would prove
How much they merit by their Ladies love ;
This I disdain.

Mrs. Trim.

Mrs. Trim. Do ye use to talk in your sleep, you'l tell it to your bed-fellow. *Riv.* You are too jealous of me.

Mrs. Trim. Come then, I'le try thee, kiss me,
That's the first peal to bed, but I won't trust ye.

Rivers. Why do you mock me thus?

Mrs. Trim. The cause being so great, I may be doubtful,
You'l have another Love, then out goes all,
But use your will.

Rivers. To do thy will a pleasure, shall we be private.

Mrs. Trim. As private as you please.

Rivers. Such privacie best pleaseth.

Mrs. Trim. Come let's away then. *They offer to off.*

Rivers. Stay (upon better thought) I have *Riv. returns.*
No such desire to't. *Mrs. Trim.* How?

Riv. Prethee be not angry, I am very loath to go to hell so easily. *Mrs. Trim.* What pretty change is this?

Riv. I would it pleas'd you, pray satisfie one thought and I am for you. *Mrs. Trim.* Willingly.

Riv. And truly. *Mrs. Trim.* By my life I will.

Riv. Did never silken Gallant with queint words,
A fair proportion'd body, and smooth chin,
Such as you women like, tempt you to this,
This feat, before I mov'd you. *Mrs. Trim.* Never.

Riv. Never, prethee bethink thy self, you doubt me still.

Mrs. Trim. But you suspect me more, I vow never.

Riv. How fain would I believe thee, if thou swear'st true,
Thou'rt fitter far for Heaven then this act,
Which thou shalt ne'r be guilty of for me;
What pitty 'tis to take fair new blancht Lawn,
And sprinkle ink on't; let not your husbands doubts,
Bred by your frequent absence, and such howers
Civility ne'r warranted, urge you
To acts that cause his shame, and your own shame.

Mrs. Trim. Whats' your intent for this. *Riv.* I'le tel you.
The guilty giddy people, who conceive
All acts more vile then they appear,
Have spred an infamy upon us both,
Which if unquell'd, in time will fix a stain,

(Though

(though causeless) which no Rethorick can charm
To alteration; thus in brief I'le do,
By a most queint invention I have thought,
I shall return you to your husband, who
Shall with his love, not jealousie, embrace you,
And to the bold ears of the rumorous world,
Declare his errour, and your innocence.

Mrs. Trim. A very modest way to do me mischief,
I thank you for your love, your honest love.

Rivers. That you'l confess hereafter, will you go? *Exit*

Mrs. Trim. Yes Sir, I'le wait on you;
Am I betray'd by tricks? a Letter op'd,
The secret read, and then seal'd up agen?
Inquisitive fool, thy dear experience shall
Instruct thee, what a fate he undergoes,
That turns the fierce stream of a womans love:
I could be less impatient had he spoke
From knowledge of my guilt, then know my will,
And afterwards disclose me; well I'le disguise my anger,
And frame a fierce revenge shall make thee tremble,
Women act mischief sure when they dissemble. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scæn. 2.

Enter Mr. Nice and Splendora.

Nice. Is the French Knight in prison, what is his debt?

Splen. Six thousand pound they say Sir.

Nice. Tis a great sum, I have been wrong enform'd,
'Twas credibly reported on the Change,
He had a free estate, his Traffick great,
A most unquestion'd credit; and doth all
Conclude in this, they did not mean me well
That tempted my belief thus.

Splend. Shall my suit have gracious hearing yet Sir?

Nice. What for *Mercurio?*
Because I was so neer to be deceiv'd,
With the feign'd riches of a Bankerupt,
Would you betray your self to certain beggery.

Splen. Will you be pleas'd to free him from his bondage?
It is reported he is sick, that place
Will kill him, where is then your satisfaction? *Nice.*

Nice. He cannot want a friend for twenty pound,
I will not lose my money, I'le take time,
If he can fit me with security. *Splen.* Alas he is not able.
Enter Mercurio in a Hearse, four Bearers (as Mourners) Wild, Riv. Flyl. Mrs. Trim. Raynard, Pimpwel. They set the Coffin before Nice, and Flylove makes an Oration.
Nice. What are these; heark you friend, whose body's this?
And whither carry you it?
Fly. Here Sir our journey ends,
It is the body of deceas'd *Mercurio*,
A prisoner at your suit, who dyed this morning,
And thus according to an ancient custome,
We bear him to you (all that's left)
His bones to make you satisfaction,
Because his poverty enforc'd him (living)
To keep your rights from you; withall, out form
Is to deliver to the Creditor,
At whose peculiar suit the debtor dyes,-- A bale of Dice.
Nice. Strange custom; Heaven! how it doth amaze me.
Fly. I have a little speech that must excuse
The expences of a bought Oration, which concerns
His miserable end, and cause of it, and I have done. *She*
Splen. Oh my *Mercurio*. *Riv.* Look to the Lady. *swons.*
Fly. When he came in, he wanted all that makes
Man in this Age substantial (Friends and Coyn)
Which want was soon attended with these, neglect & hunger
But then the perturbations of his minde,
His sighing silence onely could declare,
As if they were too vast for elocution;
Great griefs are tongue-ty'd, there's no clamour rear'd,
So deepest water crawl along unheard.
Nice. Most reverend piece of sorrow, whose wet eyes
Drop, as they would command another Spring,
To raise the body from its earthly ruine,
To heat and life agen; what friendship had you with him?
Fly. Sir, I am one,
That wish I had such neerness to his vertue,
As to his blood; a poor unhappy Kinsman.

Nice. There's ſo much Magick in your ſorrow Sir,
All my attentions charm'd.

Fly. Like men who are neer drowning, catch weak hold
On broken boords, on ſedge, or any thing
Diſaſtrous chance betrays to the wild waves,
He ſends for me that could but grieve his ſight,
With the wet ſorrow in my eyes for him:
Inſtead of Chambers hung with Tapeſtry,
Arras, and Attick pictures, the dark walls
Are eaſly beautifi'd with Chalk and Cole,
According to the melancholly fancy
Of the ſad Priſoners, where the numerous beds
Shew like ſo many Graves in a Churchyard,
With the men riſing out: No Canopies
But what the charitable Spider wove,
To ſave their always watching eyes from danger,
For they'r un-us'd to ſleep. *Nice.* Alas poor men.

Fly. In ſuch a ſtate as this my kinſman lay,
My poor, poor kinſman.

Nice. Thou weep'ſt too faſt old man, I ſhal not overtake thee.

Fly. I ſigh'd, ſate down by him, and did obſerve
The manner of his Chamber-mates, and one
Belov'd above the reſt, as it appear'd,
Was cheriſht with a friend that happy day,
Who ſaid he came to ſee him, could not ſtay,
Although ſome Meſſenger ſix times had been
To fetch him, but in vain, was ne'r within
After he heard the buſineſs, though his eare
Was within hearing of the Meſſenger:
At laſt he was within, without all doubt,
Becauſe he heard the priſoners going out,
Gives him a ſhilling, bids him have good cheer,
He was glad to ſee him, ſorry to ſee him here,
And ſo he parts, proteſting for to come,
He knows not when, this is his wretched doom
Of undone debtors, and my kinſmans Tomb.

Nice. Since bleeding cleanſeth veins, I hope to finde
Th'expence of tears will purifie the minde:
What is this writing Sir?

Fly.

Fly. 'Tis his own hand,
One hour befor his death he writ his Epitaph.
Nice. With his own hand? pray read it. *Fly.* I shall Sir.

EPITAPH.

I which once with life did move,
Here lye Coffin'd up, to prove
Till death I was *Splendora's* Love.

I that have with many groans,
And wet eyes wash'd the prison stones,
For want of Money, pay my bones.

Let none with exclamation call
Upon my name, and scorn my fall,
I ow'd but little, and paid all. *Mercurio.*

Nice. Thou hast paid all indeed, thy breath and all,
If't were no sin I could bestow a wish,
That life would visit these cold corps agen.
Fly. Where shall we bury him Sir, the custome is
To bury men in debt ith' New-Churchyard;
Shall we dispose him there?
Nice. No, since he's dead he shall be well interr'd,
Though half my estate waste for it, I have cause,
He lov'd *Splendora*, poor Girl she'l dye too;
To your charge I commit this forty pound, *Gives Rivers the Bag*
To provide mourning; I'le have Surgeons strait,
That shall embalm the body. *Exit Rivers.*
Fly. You shew your self a noble Gentleman,
Whose memory we'l pray for; here *Frank* dispatch.
Rivers. It shall be done.
Fly. Sir, here be Gentlemen that lov'd him, are
Willing to express their loves, they have a Dirge.
Nice. They are welcom, I'le attend their ceremony.

The Dirge. *They sing.*

From selling, or from mortgaging of Lands,
From turning over goods in others hands,
And from the setting of our marks to bands.
Omnes Cant. *Libera nos Domine.*
From cruelty that keeps good men in awe,
From Serjeants, and such Griffins of the Law,
And from the chattering of an Yeild-hall Daw.
Libera nos Domine.

From living at a miserable rate,
In prison where all people are ingrate,
And from the Porters at the Compter gate.
Libera nos Domine.

From being dragg'd in there with cruel gripes,
By an old curst Catchpole called *Tripes*,
From paying for our Candles and our Pipes,
Libera nos Domine.

Next from the Stocks, the Hole, and Little-ease,
Sad places, which kind Nature do displease,
And from the rattling of the Keepers Keys,
Libera nos Domine.

Fly. Is all perform'd? *Enter Rivers.*

Riv. To a tittle, here's a discharge from the Office.

Fly. Then rise from thy dead sleep thou man of care,
Thy debt is paid, there's joyful news for thee.

Nice. Am I deluded, *Enter Splend.*

Fly. Not a jot, come old man embrace him for your son,
Though he be poor, he is a Gentleman, and meritorious.

Splend. But art thou living?

Nice. I, you know it well enough, you shall even go together for your plots, I have paid my self it seems.

Rivers. Your Money lies ith' Office Sir.

Nice. 'Tis very well, who comes here? *Ent. Trimwel.*

Wild. Ware ho! here comes a mad man.

Trim. Yes, a horn-mad man, Myruon are you there?
And your Sweetheart *Rivers*, I must part you;
Unhand him impudence. *Rivers draws.* [heart.

Riv. Sir, if you lay a violent hand on her, I touch your

Trim. Gentlemen, Is there law or conscience in this?
To keep a mans wife, as they say, in spight on's teeth.

Mrs. Trim. *F. Rivers* is more kind then I expected. *aside*

Rivers. Your jealousie hath wrackt her vertuous name,
And by my life she's free from actual ill,
As e're thy mother was. *Mrs. Trim.* He'l ne'r believe you,

Rivers. No, he shall I warrant you,
E're I commit her to your curst usage,
I'l see some reformation of your life. *Trim.* You'l see't.

Rivers,

Rivers. Yes Sir, I'le see't.
My Mothers daughter shall not be expos'd
Uuto your giddy humors. *Trim.* Your Mothers daughter?
Riv. Yes Sir, my Sister. *Mrs. Trim.* What trick is this?
Trim. Pray what may I call your name Sir.
Rivers. I never fear'd it, though I have disguis'd it,
For some ends which best concern my self,
Before I went to *France*, men that would know
By my own name to call me, call'd me *Brooks*.
Mrs. Trim. My brother *Frederick*?
Rivers. The same Sister; I must talk with you.
Trim. Oh, my shame! Brother I hope you'l forgive me.
Rivers. This is no time nor place for our contention.
Nice. Who comes here? *Enter Bellaflora richly attired.*
Fly. Either my eyes deceive me, or here comes
The form of *Bellaflora*.
Bella. What do you gaze? Do you not know me Sir?
Fly. Yes sure, I know you; Are not you *Bellaflora*?
Bella. That is my name;
Fly. I know it is, but were not you disguis'd, and call'd *Fairchaste*? *Bell.* I remember your amorous Alphabet.
Fly. O my strange excellent fortune; can you forgive all?
Bella. Yes, and seal my self thy own for ever.
Wild. My dear Cousin. *Bella.* How Sir?
Fly. Tis so indeed, the *Wildblood's* out, this is your cousin *Worthlove*. *Bell.* Welcome from *France* good Cousin.
Wild. Fair cousin I thank thee, this unity contents me.
Riv. As I live here's *Sir* R. *Lamard* that broke the prison, how the devil dares he venter. *Ent. Sir* Reverence.
Sir Rev. Be your leave Zhentelmen, room for *Sir* Reveren. who be come to claim his Lady, his Madam.
Nice. How came you out of prison Sir.
Sir Rev. Begar me pay de mony, and now me come to your dautera.
Nice. Now you have paid away your mony, the truth is, Sir she is dispos'd of to another.
Keep. And we'l dispose of you that can break prisons.
Sir Rev. Begar here be de Keeper, vat sall me do now?

Pim. Nay, you'r fast enough, we'l take an order for your liding.

Sir Rev. Zhentelmen vill no man be my bayl?

Nice. The sum is too great for me.

Sir Rev. Pray Zhentelmen. *Fly.* Not I.

Rivers. Nor I. *Wild.* Nor I.

Keep. Come Sir, you must to prison agen.

Sir Rev. Mus, begar me vill not.

Pimpw. Then we must force you Sir.

Sir Rev. You Pimping rogue, why do you tug me thus? You know me well enough.

Pim. What is your tongue chang'd, what tricks have you?

Sir Rev. I'le speak with Mr. *Nice.* Pray Sir, peruse that Picture and Letter.

Nice. 'Tis my wives picture sure; *Splendora*, was not this your Mothers picture?

Splend. Yes Sir, the very same she gave my brother, when he went to *Paris.*

Nice. And this my hand, the Letter that I sent him.

Sir Rev. And I your son, come to crave a blessing.

Nice. And with my heart thou hast it. *Riv. Will Nice.*

Sir Rev. Mr. *Brooks* your servant. *Fly.* Noble Mr. *Nice.*

Sir Rev. Hah, my politick *Stephen.*

Fly. No, my politick *William.*

Wild. Sir I am yours, and joy to see you in *England.*

Splend. Welcome to *London* brother, you can court a Lady most exactly in broken French.

Sir Rev. I am glad it pleas'd you sister; Keepers I'le quit you presently, that Action which was entred was a plot of mine, to have my father match this Gentleman with my kind sister; there's no danger in't I can assure you.

Keep. Well, I'm contented Sir.

Nice. You are wags I see; were you sent seven years ago *France*, and come agen to cozen your friends, but Heaven be your joy. Come, cannot you express a little of your French action with these Ladies, shal we not have a Dance?

Fly. And very fit, methinks the time requires it.

Rivers. With all my heart. *Wild.* And mine.

Fly. Every man take his Lady then.

They Dance. *Nice.*

Nice. Gentlemen, y'have done exceeding well; if you pleaſe to walk in, Dinner at this hour waits for you.

Fly. Come my mad merry Mates and fellow-Travellers, let's in and chat the ſtory of our Travels, the tricks of our Diſguiſes, with the queint and jovial Humours which we have found ith' Compter.

To marry and be civill our next care is,
We now have done enough for Youths Fegaries.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

WEll; How is't now? we heard you laugh, but pray
Was it at us, the Poet, or the Play?
The Poet's full of joy though, to the brim,
And ſayes, he's ſure ye do not laugh at him;
Becauſe, he findes you onely laugh at that,
Which he deſires may be worth laughing at:
And then he heard you Clap; that Verdict ſtands
In Law, he hath it under all your hands;
Vnleſs when we were freed from *Woodſtreet Den*,
You had a plot to Clap us up agen:
But waving all, we (without more ſuſpence)
Accept your Clapping in the better ſenſe.
This is the ſum, I have no more to ſay,
Either for Poet, Actors, or the Play:
If his dull Humours pleaſe not, we implore,
That you'l go all toth' *Compter* and ſee more.

THis Comedy, called, *The Walks of Iſlington and Hogsdon, With the Humours of Woodſtreet-Compter*, may be Acted: This 2. Auguſt, 1641.

Henry Herbert.